

FILMS ILLUSTRATED

THE MAGAZINE THAT LOVES MOVIES

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60p



**Francis Coppola
and the epic
saga of
Apocalypse Now**

**Whatever happened
to James Bond?**

**James Ferman
on censorship today**

**At twice the speed of sound,
can the Concorde evade attack?**



AIRPORT '80

THE CONCORDE

A JENNINGS LANG PRODUCTION

ALAIN DELON SUSAN BLAKELY ROBERT WAGNER SYLVIA KRISTEL Guest Stars EDDIE ALBERT BIBI ANDERSSON CHARD SYBIL DANNING
JOHN DAVISON MONICA LEWIS ANDREA MARCOVICCI MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE MARTHA RAVE AVERY SCHREIBER CICELY TYSON
JIMMIE WALKER DAVID WARNER And Starring GEORGE KENNEDY as Captain "AIRPORT '80—THE CONCORDE"

Screenplay by ERIC ROTH Story by JENNINGS LANG Musical Score by LAUD SCHIFFRIN Produced by JENNINGS LANG Directed by DAVID LOWELL RICH Inspired by the movie "AIRPORT" based on the novel by Arthur Hailey A UNIVERSAL PICTURE Available on Video See Some

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CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY

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Editor: **DAVID CASTELL**

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First Takes

Old pal's act

The surprise is not that Joan Tewkesbury has finally directed a movie, but that she didn't write it (or enough of it, perhaps), and that the project stems far from the Altman factory of her cinematography. None of this worries Joan, now working on her third film. She explains her break away from Robert Altman was to maintain their friendship and to enter harness with a sensibility different from her own. "And I really wanted to work with Paul Schrader." Likewise, he wanted his scenario of *Old Boyfriends* reworked and directed by a woman. Various potential backers did not want Joan in charge, but Schrader — the film's executive producer as well as co-writer with brother Leonard — stood his

ground, the result has been sold on some US posters as a virtual convention of the new American cinema, complete with previous credits, to wit: Talia Shire, *Rocky*; Richard Jordan, *Interiors*; John Belushi, *Animal House*; Keith Carradine, *Nashville*; Paul Schrader, *Taxi Driver*; Joan Tewkesbury, *Nashville*; (co-producer) Edward R. Pressman, *Phantom of the Paradise*, *Badlands*.

It's a likeable movie, uneven as it inevitably is in the episodic manner of clinical psychologist Talia Shire's journey of self-analysis: "If I can find who I was then, I'll get to know who I am now." She revisits three previous lovers, although Carradine proves the retarded brother of one killed in Vietnam. Jordan is a divorced film-maker, living with his daughter (his own, incidentally, Nina Jordan). Belushi, in what is termed a drama debut, is very funny as an American Graffiti who has never grown up, and is left on the highway with his trousers down.

As good as the men are, Talia is the pivot: a triple role in effect, as she's a different woman with all the old flames. She's back to her *Godfather* form, rather than her *Rocky* gentility, and certainly makes up for the lamentable lapse of *Prophecy*. As with Joan, Schrader wanted Talia from the outset; he's also responsible for casting Jordan, his intended lead for *Rolling Thunder*, and Belushi — "we needed some comic relief at that critical juncture," he says. Joan's friendship brought in Carradine ("I needed the innocence of his Bowie in *Thames Lake Us*"), John Houseman, pompous as ever as a psychiatrist, and Buck Henry as an ultra-modern private eye. Pressman co-produced with his new, clone-looking partner Michelle Rappaport, now working on another Schrader project written by one of his students. Add to all this, Talia's husband David Shire providing the score,

and the film could have been dubbed *Old Pals' Act*.

Joan Tewkesbury didn't know Talia Shire until they started rehearsing the film for six months. "When Paul introduced us, I even asked if she had brothers and sisters. I didn't know Francis Coppola was her brother. But I agreed with Paul, I thought it good that Rocky's girlfriend could make this journey. I mean it would be very different if Faye Dunaway or someone had done it, Talia doesn't have this massive kind of image, so she's fine as this woman.

"There's also a certain likeability about her," adds Michelle Rappaport, "which we needed — or else you'd really hate her character."

Joan calls the role an anti-heroine. "She's not sweet and perky and Does Day. She is a woman and I know what she's going through. No, I've not gone back and looked up my old boyfriends, but I understand the process of introspection."

A divorced mother of two herself, Joan has made her mark in choreography and stage directing, in classic and trashy nightclub dancing. "Tits 'n' ass — classy tits 'n' ass. I used that experience for the character of Sue Lin in *Nashville*." She moved towards cinema when outgrowing the proscenium arch, and, so the story goes, simply asked Robert Altman for a job — any job — and got one. "I'd directed Michael Murphy in a one-act play that Altman saw and Michael introduced us. I called into his office and asked for an appointment. He had this hill-billy secretary who said, 'Well, come on in, honey.' . . . [Her impression sounds like Ma Kettle]. So I did. And I asked for a job, yes. And he said, 'Fine — you're quiet!' That's why he gave me the job of script-girl on *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, because he really hates professional script-girls. I believe in them. I used a very trained script-girl. I mean, she saves my ass twelve times a day. 'No, it's not camera right, Joan, it's —



Joan Tewkesbury directing *Old Boyfriends*

—camera left . . . And the look she gives me. I'm still in the beginning stages, so I rely on her for that kind of information. And (laugh) often the cameraman does, too. They get lost, too.

"Continuity is hard. You have to keep track of everything! I had no training for it. How I trained was being with the editor when they were cutting *Brewster McCleod*. I sat every day with Lou Lombardo and just watched to see what a 2.50 was or a 50 or a 75 in terms of lens size, the angles and how all of it is put together. But when I started on McCabe, I was writing theatre notes — long, very elaborate. And the editor would go: Oh really? Hilarious! And no-one mentioned you typed these notes. So I stayed three weeks in Vancouver after we finished to type up the notes. It was a going-over process."

"I never heard that story before," interrupts Paul Schrader. "It's a very, very good way to learn what directing is. Good script notes really explain how a film is conceived, psychologically and intellectually — from the order of the shots, how many times they were taken, what was important in terms of coverage. From a well typed-up script supervisor's job — which we now call them in non-sexist jargon — you can see how a film is directed. Strikes me as a very smart way to learn how to direct."

"That's what Altman felt," says Joan. "He said if I wanted to learn cinema, this was the best way. By the time I helped cast *The Long Goodbye*, I'd written my first screenplay, because I saw that the structure of film was putting together bits and pieces of things." The film never came off, Altman could not raise any money on Joan's intended star, Geraldine Chaplin, and Altman asked Joan if she'd mind not starting at the top. "I wrote *Thieves Like Us*, adapting a book, again an excellent way to go through a structure before giving it to someone else. Oh God, I love that film. Then Bob was to do a project on Nashville,



Old Boyfriends: Talla Shire, Richard Jordan

but didn't know what it was to be. I didn't know anything about it either and spent five days there, doing Opal's journey. I took a large legal pad and just sat and watched. Truly an observer. Practically everything in that film happened to me." After her debut film, she's not interested in another woman's film just yet. Her second film is for television, though she never thought of it in those terms and shot it as a feature, which it will be in Europe: "The Tenth Month" with Carol Burnett. "That's why I took the job. Carol has a particular connection with CBS which means a great deal of freedom. I chose Keith Michell because I wanted someone unfamiliar to an American audience, with a sense of timing

to match Carol. They're wonderful together. I'd seen him as Henry VIII. He does not have the gout, he's not fat, he's very tall and cute. And very funny."

Her new project is *Living Well is the Best Revenge*, an old Spanish proverb and the title of a non-fiction work by Calvin Tompkins about an American in Europe in the Twenties. She started searching for locations straight after the Cannes Festival this year, anticipating Corsica would suit her best. "The South of France does not look the way it did anymore." Nor does Joan Tewkesbury who once worked in "Peter Pan" on Broadway, as Mary Martin's flying understudy.

Tony Crawley

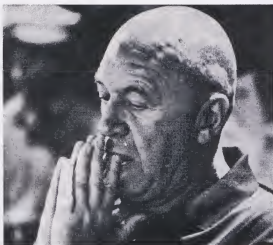
The taming of the two

There was much advance conjecture as to how the combustible Nicol Williamson would make out with the voluble Viennese director, Otto Preminger, who delights in keeping alive the legend of Preminger the Monster. But, apart from one early confrontation on *The Human Factor*, the association seems to have been remarkably amicable and devoid of the predicted outbursts of temperament.

"Why do they call me such names?" queries Preminger, seventy-two, rolling his eyes heavenwards. "Only once did I shout at Nicol when he fluffed a new line which had just been put in the script, but it was understandable. It was all over soon. I get mad only when actors do not know their lines or are late on the set. That is so unprofessional. At other times I am patient. Why do people say such terrible things about me?"

"*The Human Factor* is based on the spy thriller by Graham Greene, who is an old friend. He wrote the screenplay of *Sawdust* for me twenty-two years ago, but he did not want to write this one because he felt he was too close." So Tom Stoppard was called in, then a cast that includes John Gielgud, Derek Jacobi and Robert Morley.

"Castle, my character, is a man I can identify with," says Nicol Williamson. "He's an introvert, like me. He is just an innocent caught up in the turmoil going on all around him in the world. I think Castle is one of Greene's best-written characters



The Human Factor: Otto Preminger

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TOM SKERRITT EDIE ADAMS STROTHER MARTIN
AND STACY KEACH AS SGT. STEVEN

WRITTEN BY TOMMY CHONG AND CHEECH MARIN
PRODUCED BY LOU ADLER AND LOU LOMBARDO
DIRECTED BY LOU ADLER



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FROM
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RITZ
LEICESTER
SQUARE

AND AT **ABC** AND OTHER LEADING CINEMAS
ACROSS LONDON AND SOUTH FROM OCTOBER 21

— and, because of this, I've thoroughly enjoyed playing him. I first came across the book when John Osborne gave it to me last year while I was appearing in 'Inadmissible Evidence' on the London stage. I read it later when I went on holiday to Paris after the run, and was hooked from the first few chapters. At that time I didn't know that Otto was going to film it, or that he was thinking of me to play Castle.

"Castle is a loner, a man I can understand and feel deep sympathy for. *The Human Factor* is a compassionate story. Now I choose very carefully the parts I want to play. I have to keep up certain standards to match those parts I've already played on the stage and in films. People still seem to think of me as a hell-raiser, but I'm much quieter now. I believe in hard work to get my performance across to audiences. That's the only way I know. It makes a pleasant change to play a nice character in this film. There wasn't much to like about a lot of the men I've played; and I've also enjoyed working with Peeminger."

Iain F McAsh

The birth of the Beatles

As rumours (once again) fly thick and fast of a Beatles reunion — to perform in a single concert in aid of the Boat People — a quartet of untried young actors look to *The Fab Four* to give their careers a boost. In point of fact, in Dick Clark's production



Rod Culbertson as Paul McCartney.
Below: early days at The Cavern

The Birth of the Beatles, they are the Fab Six. The original member, Stu Sutcliffe, who died of a brain haemorrhage in 1962, is played by David Wilkinson, while Ryan Michael plays Pete Best, the Beatle who was replaced by Ringo Starr on the eve of the group's big breakthrough.

Best, who now manages a Job Centre in the Midlands, has taken time off to act as technical adviser on the film. This he is uniquely qualified to do, yet there is one scene for the authenticity of which even he

cannot vouch: the plotting of his surprise 1962 sacking. "We were cowards," John Lennon later admitted, "we got Brian Epstein to do it."

The film, like Clark's earlier success *Elvis: The Movie* takes the idols only to a peak of success, in this case their conquest of America in 1964 when the critic of the New York Herald Tribune opined that they were, "75 per cent publicity, 20 per cent haircut and 5 per cent liking lament." That same year Billy Graham dismissed them as, "symptoms of the uncertainty and confusion about us . . . a passing phase."

The four newcomers, not exactly lookalikes, are Stephen McKenna (John), Rod Culbertson (Paul), John Altman (George) and Ray Ashcroft (Ringo). They rely heavily enough upon make-ups in the films not to be concerned about subsequent typecasting. Their music, too, is dubbed in, by an American group called Rann, who have made a lucrative speciality out of reconstructing the early Beatle tracks.

Directing the film is Richard Marquand, a young man from the Welsh valleys who is rich in television experience but has made only one previous cinema feature, *The Legacy*. He had his doubts about the timing of the project, but these were killed stone dead when his teenage daughter came home from a record store and passed on the information she had gleaned from an album sleeve. "Hey, Dad," she said. "Did you know that Paul McCartney was in another group before Wings?"

Makes you feel old, doesn't it?

David Castle



FL1

In 1917, in the
red-light district of
New Orleans they called
her Pretty Baby.



LOUIS MALLE'S

Pretty BABY

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"PRETTY BABY" x Starring KEITH CARRADINE, SUSAN SARANDON, and BROOKE SHELDS.

Associate Producer **POLLY PLATT** Screenplay by **POLLY PLATT**

Story by POLLY PLATT and LOUIS MALLE

Shirley K. Gorman, Editor, *Shirley K. Gorman* **JERRY WEXLER**

and Directed by: **LOUIS MALLE**

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Background

SCUM (X). Having never been inside Borstal walls (and, on the evidence of Alan Clarke's blisteringly good film, doubly glad of the fact), I can no more voice for the authenticity of Roy Minton's tale — and now screen-play than I can for that of *Paradise*. But it is powerful, persuasive and deeply political in the way it views, considers and uncompromisingly rejects the system for dealing with young offenders. It is a long time since a British film had the raw courage to lay its ideals on the line like this. That alone demands respect. So, too, does the combination of business intelligence and integrity that drove its producers to back the banned television play. It is a worthy, moral, decent film — even though everything it depicts is worthless, immoral and indelicate. It shows youngsters sucked into a vacuum of criminality within the house that is supposed to correct them, inmates who are hardly more than boys yet calloused and determined in a vicious circle that also makes



Scum: Ray Winstone

prisoners out of jailers. Minton's script doesn't fall back on the softening clichés of misunderstood teenagers; his kids are crooks, all right, but they are also human beings to whom those last shreds of personal dignity are so important that they will fight, however violently, to retain them. Minton's scheme is to show two separate personalities and the impact of the system upon them. The harder (Ray Winstone) quickly adjusts to the jungle law and fights and claws his way to a demeaning victory; the softer (Julian Firth) finds the life a mental, moral and physical violation and, in a scene of uncompromising horror, kills himself. But third and best is the slightly older offender who has learned how to walk the difficult line. To this character Mick Ford brings a gentle grace and a shaft of sardonic humour in an astonishingly well-judged performance. The axe on which

Scum turns is a deft scene between Ford and Bill Dean (as one of the more approachable screws) in which they debate the bonds of hatred that manacle them. Minton's view of Borstal as a two-way contamination is here laid bare and it is a tribute to the integrity of the film that we accept it with sadness and anger in equal parts. — D.C. (John Judd, Phil Daniels, John Blandell. Prod./Clive Parsons, Devina Bellini. Dir./Alan Clarke. Scr./Roy Minton. Ph/Phil Meheux. Colour. 90 mins. GTO. GB 1979)

OLD BOYFRIENDS (X) Altman satellite writer Joan Tewkesbury (Nashville) makes an accomplished directorial debut with this deliberately acidulated emotional drama. It is about a psychologist (Julia Shire) who suffers a breakdown and prescribes as treatment a visit to her own past. The theory seems to be that, if she can see what attracted her to her old boyfriends, and then to her, she will have more pieces towards the jigsaw from which she must rebuild her own head. I can't say I find this any too credible, but it does get Ms Shire off on the road and into three sharply observed encounters. The first is with film director Richard Jordan whose reaction is to say that they should start their romance again; the second with an out-and-out sleazebag, John Belushi, upon whom she wreaks a

crude sexual revenge; the third lover was killed in Vietnam so she homes in instead upon his emotionally disturbed younger brother (Keith Carradine). This last episode is the best, admitting as it does the selfishness and irresponsibility of Shire's quest. She regains her own sanity at the expense of someone else's and returns to an uncomfortably contrived promise of, maybe, Happiest Ever After. My quarrel is squarely with the script of brothers Paul and Leonard Schrader (the story was originally a *Taxi Driver*-fierce, male-oriented tale of revenge on old girlfriends — and physical violence does not turn convincingly into psychological violence). Much of it seems bogus to me. But Ms Tewkesbury gives it her considerable all and, in the process, commits many of the cracks. This, combined with her exemplary handling of actors, makes her a director to watch with keen interest. — D.C. (Jack Henry, John Houseman. Prod/Edward Pressman, Made/David Shire. Ph/William Fraker. Colour 103 mins. Artificial Eye. US 1979)

AIRPORT '80 . . . THE CONCORDE (A) Airport meets James Bond, and the result is the best bad film you're likely to see in a year of Sundays. As the Concorde takes off, the second thread of the plot is in motion. Power-mad Robert



SAINT JACK (X) A wily rearrangement of the Paul Theroux novel makes this Peter Bogdanovich's best movie since *The Last Picture Show* and, quite coincidentally, his first reunion with producer Roger Corman since the eye-opening *Targets*. Jack (Ben Gazzara) is an expatriate American whose aim, apart from vague never-to-be-realised dreams of going home, is to set up a brothel in Singapore. This he does, enjoying a brief success before the Triad close it down. He is given a second chance by the American army, who want to borrow Jack to organise a semi-official Halfway House, bolstering the shaky courage of teenage soldiers before despatching them to likely death in Vietnam. Jack is a prince compared to those around him; he has his own moral standards ("People make love for so many crazy reasons, why shouldn't money be one of them?"), a tenacity of romantic spirit that brings its own integrity. Like that other expatriate who opened Rick's in *Casablanca*, he will not go home on a forged ticket. By the end of the film, Jack has been asked to step out of moral line and his answer is unequivocal. The first thing you notice about *Saint Jack* is the wholly convincing way that Bogdanovich and his cameraman (the gifted Robby Müller) have caught the flavour of Singapore: the place is a real character in the film. The next revelation is Gazzara: never, I maintain — not even in the Cassavetes films — has this actor been so well used. Also given a role into which he can, for once, get his teeth is Denholm Elliott, as the English auditor whom Jack befriends and whose annual visits from Hong Kong mark not only the growth of a close friendship but the remorseless passage of time. *Saint Jack* is a movie of density and depth: I have now seen it three times and always find something fresh in it. That alone is no litmus test for a film, but it will be very surprising if Bogdanovich's comeback doesn't make the year's Top Ten lists. — D.C. (James Villiers, Jess Ackland, Rodney Bewes, Mark Kingston, Lisa Lu. Prod/Roger Corman. Scr/Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, Peter Bogdanovich. Colour. 112 mins. New World. US 1979)

Wagner, who runs a missile plant, has been caught with his knickers down selling arms to the bad guys of the world and his repulsive mistress Susan Blakely is the girl with the evidence. And what is she travelling on? That's right! "It's still amazing to me — only three and a half hours ago we were in Paris," muses Captain Alan Delon, just before Wagner launches an attack missile against the 'plane. The plot then rapidly develops into a Tom-and-Jerry duel and one can visualise Wagner jumping up and down with rage as each new destruction attempt fails. "I'd love to see what my

horoscope said for this morning," yells co-pilot George Kennedy (simply running away with the film) as he banks to avoid two of Wagner's fighter 'planes in a new assault. "Today, above the ocean, life seemed so short," Delon tells stewardess Sylvia Kristel, as they ride the old flames on a brief stop. Somehow they make it back to Paris, before heading for Moscow with Olympic athletes aboard. Despairing of all else, Wagner determines on sabotage. The cargo door flies open, and the Concord's in desperate straits. Bits of her fly everywhere. Tough reporter Blakely

gabbles desperately into her tape recorder. Cloely Tyson hangs on to the heart transplant she's taking for her seven-year-old son. The little deaf-and-dumb girl... well, we won't go into that. Blakely suffers Martha Raye has a different complaint: "The bathroom's broken," she howls. "The Alps — straight ahead," gushes stewardess David Warner. Will they clear them? They'd better: Eddie Albert is hanging out of the 'plane by his arm pits. Has Wagner anything up his sleeve other than his gold-plated revolver? The dialogue is hilarious; the photography magnificent; the —

LISA DEWSON

Casting Around

Erich Segal, millionaire author of *Love Story* is to have another original novel (co-written by Martin Ransohoff) brought to the screen. A romantic comedy, *Consenting Adults* stars Shirley MacLaine and Anthony Hopkins as a husband and wife who test their twenty-year marriage to the limit by introducing each other to their respective lovers. It's a project executive producer Richard St Johns admits to being very excited about. "I think we've got just the right casting chemistry and the script is marvellous. I feel the mid-life crisis situation in it is something people understand. It says something to husbands about their wives, to wives about their husbands, to parents about their children, and so on." At present both MacLaine and Hopkins are continuing with other projects while the film's producers find a suitable director. Shirley MacLaine is currently making *Being There* for Hal Ashby. Based on a novel about a powerful financier who promotes a political innocent as a candidate for the American Presidency, the film co-stars Peter Sellers, Melvyn Douglas and Jack Warden. Anthony Hopkins has signed for *The Elephant Man* opposite John Hurt, Anne Bancroft and John Gielgud.

He may be a mere dog, but *Benji* has had some celebrated co-stars in the past. None more impressive, though, than the cast for *Oh Heavenly Dog* — Chevy Chase, Omar Sharif and Robert Morley. The story involves a detective who comes back to earth as a dog (naturally) in order to solve his own murder. Also appearing as the female lead is Jane Seymour, who recently completed *Somewhere in Time* (formerly titled *Bid Time Return*) with Christopher Reeve.

Jane Fonda, with movies already lined up well into the future will, no doubt, continue to maintain her status as one of the most celebrated actresses of the decade. Following her acutely observed

performance in *The China Syndrome*, audiences will see her in *The Electric Horseman* (with Robert Redford, Valerie Perrine and John Saxon), now in post-production after blizzards delayed location shooting. Future projects include Sydney Pollack's *Havana*, and *Nine to Five*, a social comedy about the daily lives of office secretaries, co-starring Lily Tomlin and Dolly Parton. In addition to these, negotiations are being carried out in an attempt to sign Jane, Peter Fonda and Henry Fonda to fill three of the five key roles in an Americanised version of *Tokyo Story*. The original was made in 1953 by Japanese director Yasujiro Ozu, it was about an elderly couple having difficulty adjusting to a modern generation. The new version will be directed by Uta Groszard and is to be called *The New York Story*.

Another war film, *Oh! Incheon!* deals with the invasion of South Korea and the landing of the UN Forces under General MacArthur in 1950. The opening scenes depict Jacqueline Bisset fleeing from a Korean folk village along with hundreds of refugees, acquiring on the way five little children who attach themselves to her by forcing their way into her travelling wagon. Directed by Terence Young, the cast also includes Laurence Olivier, Ben Gazzara, Omar Sharif, Toshiro Mifune, David Janssen and Richard Roundtree.

Ricky Schroder, the young sensation of *The Champ*, is now making *Last Flight of Noah's Ark*. The story involves a charter pilot (Elliott Gould) who crash-lands on a desert island with a prim evangelist (Genevieve Bujold) and young stowaway (Schroder) aboard. Charles Jarrold directs based on the Ernest Gann novel.

Whatever happened to that other much-lauded child star, Jodie Foster? The sixteen-year-old actress recently completed *Foxes* (formerly titled *Ladies of the Valley*), an up-dated version of *Little Women* with

Steve Baio, Sally Kellerman and Randy Quaid. Miss Foster is presently working on *Corry*, set against a carnival background. Gary Busey, Robbie Robertson (making his film debut appearance) and Elisha Cook Jr co-star, with Jodie as a worldly-wise teenager who comes between Busey and Robertson, causing a romantic tangle.

She's been accused of doing in often enough... now she is doing it! The irrepressible Barbra Streisand will make her directorial debut with a new version of *The Women*. In addition to starring in that film, the versatile entertainer will also take the lead in *Third Time Lucky*, a love story about two people who don't seem to fit into the mainstream of life.

The Dino De Laurentis production of *Flash Gordon*, a vastly ambitious space epic, started filming last month, with twenty-four-year-old American Sam Jones in the title role. With only a handful of stage performances and one previous movie behind him, Jones faces the same situation that Christopher Reeve did prior to the success of *Superman*. Can he convince audiences to believe in him as the legendary hero and, if the film is successful, will he be forever typecast or tied to sequels? It will be interesting to see how the movie turns out — hopefully it will be more of an event than De Laurentis' long-awaited but disappointing remake of *King Kong*.

In addition to the Carradine brothers starring in the epic western *Outlaws*, Stacy and James Keach, and Beau and Jeff Bridges have been signed for major roles. The outlaws families featured in the film are: Jesse and Frank James, the Younger Brothers and the Ford Brothers... Don Siegel will direct Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down and David Niven in a new romantic thriller... Brad Davis, who has yet to be seen in *Sybil* (with Joanne Woodward and Sally Field), joins a cast of unknowns for *A Small Circle of Friends*. Set in Boston, the film deals with the relationships among a group of students on campus at Harvard during the late '60s... The sequel to *Woodstock* will again be directed by Michael Wadleigh... Clint Eastwood's latest production is a police melodrama to be called *Waterfall*... *Tribute* is the title of Jack Lemmon's next film, in which he will repeat the role that he successfully played on Broadway... Six-year-old Sara Silkman has finally been chosen for the title role in *Little Miss Marker*, a re-make of the film that made Shirley Temple a star in 1934. Sara's co-stars are Walter Matthau, Julie Andrews, Tony Curtis, Bob Newhart and Lee Grant.



Shirley MacLaine — consenting adult

—pace never drops. It's what Hollywood movie-making used to be all about. — D.Q. (BIM) Anderson, John Davidson, Andrea Marcovici, Mercedes McCambridge, Sybil Danning, Monica Lewis, Janine Walker. Prod/Jennings Lang. Dir/David Lowell Rich. Scr/Eric Roth. Music/Lalo Schiffrin. Ph/Philip Lathrop. CIC. 114 mins. Technicolor. US 1979)

LOST AND FOUND (AA). Melvin Frank scored such a resounding commercial hit with his 1973 *A Touch of Class* that it was almost inevitable he would try to reunite the potentially unlikely, but in the event successful, comedy pairing of George Segal and Glenda Jackson. He nearly pulled it off in *The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox*, but the redoubtable Jackson nose scented a stinker and Goldie Hawn took over. Jackson was obviously happier about this new vehicle, as well she might be. It is not an attempt to reunite the separated lovers of the earlier piece, but a fresh vehicle with something of its own to say. If anything, it has almost too much to say, for the action lurches forward, then brakes again, like a vehicle in a traffic jam. This time Jackson is a divorcee and Segal a widower. They meet on a ski-ing holiday and take to one another that sort of instant dislike you know is going to melt into love by Real Three. Love and marriage, no less. Jackson throws up her smart job in the film business and goes off to the States to live in the New England town where Segal is fighting for his academic life, competing with his best friend for a chair at the local university. It is so unusual to find a comedy that is actually about anything these days, that one feels away from *Lost and Found* slightly puzzled. For a short period of time it contemplates with some poignancy the dilemma of the second wife who must ruthlessly obliterate all memory of her predecessor if her own marriage is to stand a chance; then, perhaps fearing that subject too maudlin, it considers the appalling conditions under which our academics are supposed to work. Neither Segal nor Jackson can find the film's true pulse, but they tread water entertainingly when required to do so. That they are constantly watchable and often funny is no small reason for thanks. — D.C. (Maureen Stapleton, Hollis McLaren, John Cunningham, Paul Sorvino. Prod-dir/Melvin Frank. Scr/Melvin Frank, Jack Rose. Music/John Cameron. Ph/Douglas Slocombe. Technicolor. 105 mins. Columbia-EMI-Warner. US 1979)



HILL'S ANGELS (U). If laughter is your criterion, and I can think of worse, then this is probably the best Disney live-action comedy since *Snowball Express*. What? You don't remember *Snowball Express*? I know; very few people do. Hurry to track down *Hill's Angels* last the same fate overtakes it. The basic story is a true one, though colossal liberties must have been taken with it (unless America is altogether daffier than I have hitherto been led to believe). A Presbyterian minister is appointed to a church

PRETTY BABY (X). There has probably been more fuss and misinformation or meretricious publicity about Louis Malle's latest film than any other in recent years. The kernel of it all was its ill-timed arrival in Britain to coincide with the passage through Parliament of the Protection of Children Act, 1978, which made it an offence to photograph children under the age of sixteen for immoral purposes. The Act, none too clearly defined, came into force retroactively (has anyone seen *The Exorcist* or *Taxi Driver* lately?) and pointed towards necessary cuts in Malle's vignette of life in a New Orleans brothel in 1917. One of the central characters, Violet (Brooke Shields) is twelve years old when the story begins and the actress herself was patently below the age of sixteen when shooting took place. Malle himself who, unsurprisingly, has a contractual right to approve any cuts to his film, was away for a year and it is only now that *Pretty Baby* arrives to shock and horrify us. And does it do these things? Most certainly not. It is a pretty, amber-tinted memoir in which young Miss Shields and her mother (Susan Sarandon) eke out a comfortable and fun-filled living in the red-light district of Storyville. There is no real loss of innocence here, only a loss of childhood for a girl who has grown up in an adult environment. Sex for pleasure, sex for money: these are treated matter-of-factly. Hypocrisy is the true enemy: the hypocrisy that forbids Violet to play with the black son of the hired help, the hypocrisy that sends moral crusaders marching upon Storyville to close it down, the hypocrisy of the mother who marries out of the business and acquires a veneer of bigoted "respectability." The film is partially inspired by the published work of E J Bellocq who photographed the child and adult whores of the period. He is incarnated here, somewhat uncomfortably, by Keith Carradine who develops a perfectly respectable *idèle fixe* about Violet and, when the house is closed, marries her. Malle's approach is not in the least scandalous; he observes without blinking, without passing judgment. I'm not sure that I wouldn't have preferred him to strike an attitude, not for the moral satisfaction of the matter, but because it would have given more bite to what is ultimately a sweet marshmallow of a movie. — D.C. (Frances Faye, Antonio Fargas. Prod-dir/Louis Malle. Scr/Polly Platt. Music/Jerry Wexler. Ph/Sven Nykvist. Metrocolor. 110 mins. CIC. US 1978)

with debasing attentiveness and attributes the moral decline to the stronghold of organized crime within the town. As played by the owlishly winning Edward Herrmann, Rev Hill is the kind of man who believes that his church should be a moral force in the community, not just the corner building with stained glass windows. He recruits a vigilante force of crime-busters from among his female parishioners (Barbara Harris, Chris Leachman and Susan Clark — now there's a classy bunch) and sets out to do what the authorities are too scared or too corrupt to tackle. It ends in a smashing car chase that is unusually well executed by first-time-out director Bruce Bilson. His handling of actors is equally promising and it is his detail to attention throughout the film that gives *Hill's Angels* a 20th century reality that is missing from too much of the Disney output. — D.C. (Keesa Valentine, Michael Comandine, Patsy Kelly. Prod/Ron Miller. Scr/Don Tait. Colour. 90 mins. Walt Disney. US 1979)

HOME BEYOND MIDNIGHT (X) Now that his shock-horror cycle has wound down after the lacklustre *Schizo*, the prodigious Pete Walker has moved on to the crusading melodramas of the land that Green and McCormick forged with *Wierd and Life For Ruth* nearly twenty years ago. In ponting up the topical arguments for and against lowering the age of consent, Mr Walker (I am sure unintentionally) makes his film look and sound firmly on the side of the dirty machinist brigade. His hero (the soulful James Aubrey) is a lusty twenty-eight year-old who enters into a relationship with a pretty hitchhiker (Alison Elliot). By the time he discovers she is only fourteen, it is too late. They are Involved Murray and Diddy call for the police, the girl cries rage and poor old James goes down for two years. Unfair, isn't it? Oh, if it were only that simple. For a start, Murray Smith's lip-synched screenplay doesn't give either side a fair hearing. Even the conduct of the courtroom scene is

hopelessly wrong and, if Ms Elliot didn't blow the candles out on her twenty-first birthday cake long ago, then there's hope for us all. By making such a mess of the production, Walker turns a serious theme into merecinisme. — M.W. (Clark Burns, Janet Hamner, Richard Todd, Jennie Linden, Chris Jagger. Prod-dir/Pete Walker. Music/Jigsaw. Ph/Peter Jessop. Colour. 111 mins. Columbia-EMI-Warner. GB 1978)

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN (U). It is not for want of trying, but I cannot think of a single reason why a non-disciple of Gurdjieff, the mystic philosopher, should be attracted to Peter Brook's film. Led to water, you might make the unbeliever drink in Gilbert Taylor's superb photography, but you will not, I suspect, convert him to the elusive truth that our hero seeks and thankfully finds. I was constantly put in mind of Peter Finch's quest for a return ticket to Shangri-La in the Ross Hunter *Lost Horizon*, the more so since the mysteries of life appear to be connected with some yoga-like choreography that even Mr Hunter would have shunned. But I would not trample on others' dreams. The true Gurdjieffian will find the house in order, everything respectfully and tidily arranged. The intense sincerity of it all comes off the screen like a rubber ball. But, as a movie *per se*, it has so little to offer. The performances are stiff, the script unclear, the meanings infrequent and the men unremarkable. Furthermore the scenes between the Afghanistan locations and the Pinewood sets are artlessly stitched. I do feel that, however tied up in love and admiration, a film about a holy man should inform and illuminate. My loss, perhaps I pass. — D.C. (Dean Makinowski, Terence Stamp, Warren Mitchell, David Markham. Prod/Stuart Lyons. Dir/Peter Brook. Scr/Jeanne De Salomon, Peter Brook. Music/Thomas De Hartmann, Laurence Rosenthal. Ph/Gilbert Taylor. Colour. 107 mins. Emaprice. GB 1978)



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Dear Sir

'So much blood'

I feel that Andrew Rissik (September) should take a closer look at Roman Polanski's version of *Macbeth* before dismissing it merely as a "horror cartoon." Polanski's highly personal adaptation of the Shakespeare play is not as ephemeral as Mr Rissik would like to believe, nor is it merely a blood-stained comedy that relies on shocking visual scenes to make an impact. If he feels that there are too many scenes which result in a "gruesome carnival of slaughters," I suggest that he tries to write a screenplay which follows the lines of Shakespeare's play, yet fails to omit the murders. If Polanski had omitted the scenes in question, he would have undoubtedly been criticised on the strength of his past reputation, and critics such as Mr Rissik would have had even more to complain about.

C Donovan
Whitworth Road
Bittene Park
Southampton

Not bad taste

I recently saw Tobe Hooper's *Death Trap* and, on returning home, I re-read Kenneth Thompson's review (November). As this appears to be the only reference to Mr Hooper's film in the magazine, I felt that I had to write to defend it. And no, Mr Thompson, I do not have a "sick mentality," but I was nevertheless entertained by the film. All right, so *Death Trap* is no *Taxi Driver*, *Carrie* or *The Deer Hunter*, but it is certainly more than the banal essay in bad taste that Mr Thompson suggests. Admittedly, some parts of the plot are absurd (I'm no expert on reptilian feeding habits, but I doubt that any crocodile could consume five adults and one dog within a matter of hours!) but let us think about the director's aims. He intended to make a horror film, a brutally goey horror film, and since audiences find horror films (even as recent as ten years ago) often laughable, this is the only type that will have any impact. In this genre, the dividing line between success and failure is very thin. To my mind, *Death Trap* works. It does so because Hooper is aware that blood and gore on its own is no recipe for success — suspense is also needed, and his film has a great deal. Also working in its favour (and totally neglected in Mr Thompson's review) is one of the most apposite scores I've heard in a long time. So if one forgets the absurdities of the plot and goes to watch a straightforward, edge-of-seat, mind-tling horror movie — one will not be disappointed.

I remember reading a quote from one of Films Illustrated's heroes, Brian De Palma,

where he stated that he was beginning to consider a film's plot as secondary to style. The style of *Death Trap* worked for me. But then this magazine didn't like *The Furry* much either.

Steve Moore
East Creston
Acreington
Lancashire

Gatsby's great

First: I vote *The Great Gatsby* as most underrated film of the '70s. I recently saw it on television for the first time. I remember the critics agreeing at the time that it was exquisite to look at, but lifeless. I thought it was very well acted, especially by Mia Farrow and Bruce Dern. The storyline was recreated satisfactorily, and this, coupled with the gorgeous production values, made it a sheer delight.

Second: I've often been surprised by your critics' wide-ranging differences in the league table, but until *Fidra* (August) I do not believe I've ever seen a blob from one reviewer and four stars from another. Can sensible opinions really differ so much? Or are some reviewers too idiosyncratic to be of any use as a guide to the filmpgoer? Perhaps an in-depth analysis of the ratings matrix over the last year or two might suggest some interesting conclusions!

Charles Lewis
Rushmore Road
London

Censorship complexities

Your correspondent Gareth Hayes seems to have a somewhat old-fashioned attitude towards censorship, for it is a long time since "that eternal censorship problem — public hair" was our chief concern!

The censorship "inconsistencies" he spots between *Force 10 From Navarone*, *The First Great Train Robbery*, and *The Shout* are apparent only to those who see censorship strictly in terms of sex and nudity. The A for *Force 10* had at least as much to do with violence as Barbara Bach's bathtub scene; the AA for *The Shout* was more to do with its study of mental disturbance and the considerable atmosphere of spooky terror the film built up — which we felt could certainly distress a young audience — than to do with *Susannah York's* exposure; in *The First Great Train Robbery* our concern was with the morality of the film, which invites audiences to applaud when the villain-hero gets away with, literally, murder (and a rather gruesome one at that) as well as a fortune. It may be rather prim of us, but we feel that, for a pre-teenage audience, it is preferable that a more clear-cut picture of right and wrong emerges.

Censorship these days is a more complex and, we hope, a more enlightened process than Mr Hayes seems to imagine.

Rosemary Stark
Examiner
British Board of Film Censors
Soho Square
London W1V 5DE

Champion!

I was delighted to read Ian Foster's defence of *The Champ* (September). I, too, had been annoyed and, frankly mystified by David Quinlan's adverse review. *The Champ* is one of the finest romantic films I have ever seen. I admire Zeffirelli's courage to place the film firmly within the romantic genre. Some critics have written quite hysterically of how the film manipulates its audience,

but surely that is what most films do. *The China Syndrome*, for example, is really just a first-class thriller using many of the traditional ingredients to keep the audience tense and excited, yet nobody complained of being manipulated by it.

This distrust of the romantic genre seems deeply ingrained in many critics. One only has to look at the patronising way contemporary critics treated Douglas Sirk's films. It is only now that *Imitation of Life* and *All That Heaven Allows* are treated seriously. Let us hope we do not have to wait twenty years before *The Champ* is recognised for its skilful acting and lyrical direction, in addition to being one of the finest examples of "pure cinema" that I have yet seen.

Peter Johnson
Camberland Drive
St Albans
Hertfordshire

I was amazed that Leslie Kovacs (September) found young Ricky Schroder's acting "forced and unnatural" in the highly moving and entertaining *The Champ*. Surely the wide acclaim he has won from many critics — as the most accomplished child performer since Shirley Temple — is well deserved. His emotional range in a difficult role was quite remarkable for one so young, with laughter and tears flowing with that incredible spontaneity one always associates with childhood. Overall, I



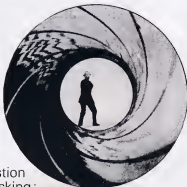
Ricky Schroder — "stunningly natural" thought him to be a stunningly natural child, giving a performance which makes a refreshing change from the knowing mini-adult performances we have seen from other "child stars" in recent years.

M S Scott
Whitstone
Nuncaton
Warwickshire

Woody's world

Woody Allen has come through again — magnificently so — in *Manhattan*. There was much wit and a liberal number of one-line gems delivered by Woody's character — the idiosyncratic writer Isaac Davis. It was another measure of the man's genius to make the film in black and white, for how else would one picture New York other than in shades of black and grey? The hustle and bustle, the speckled lights of high-rise apartments lit against a night-time sky: it was all there as a backdrop to Allen's romantic wanderings in the city. I applaud his screenplay, direction and acting. *Manhattan* is the sort of film one loves to remember.

Michael Smith
Walderslade
Guthrie
Kent



Andrew Rissik answers the question you've all been asking:

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JAMES BOND?

Moonraker is the latest, loudest and most expensive of the Bond films so far, as it catapults Ken Adam's staggering sets and Roger Moore's plastic 007 spacewards in what's presumably an attempt to conquer the *Star Wars* territory. (You may remember that this one was going to be "For Your Eyes Only", but the present enthusiasm for sci-fi at the box office probably suggested that a space-orientated title would be more astute commercially.) They've spent a staggering amount of time and money on the ubiquitous machinery and effects but purposeful action, which is ultimately what makes a thriller thrilling, has been given a fatal miss.

Instead, they've gone for mechanical slapstick in which the only way to suggest the perennially huge budget is to make sure that the million dollar hardware is blown sky high as often as possible. Explosions abound; gondolas turn hovercraft and take to the streets; motor boats vault over one another; hero and villain grapple in breathless freefall; space guerrillas duel noisily with lasers; but the plot line which supposedly connects all these admittedly spectacular stunts is almost non-existent.

Moonraker is the Bond dream gone crazy, a glittering carnival of combustible hardware and ridiculously amplified action finally rendered impotent by its own pointlessness. The Bond team have been heading in this essentially camp direction ever since Sean Connery gazed up *Diamonds Are Forever* in 1971, but up until now there has always been some pretence at tension and suspense. This time there's no tension because there's really no plot; the feeble little story they've dreamed up is so confused and

You say . . .

One wonders if it was because Harry Saltzman has left Cubby Broccoli that the seriousness — and certainly the stuffing — has gone out of James Bond in *Moonraker*. Disposing of Ian Fleming's story and the interesting Nazi background of the villain, Sir Hugo Drax, means that we are left wondering what makes him tick. Michael Lonsdale is never allowed to develop the character, nor are we given a chance to loathe him as we were the villains in *Dr No*, *From Russia With Love* and *Goldfinger*. For a few moments in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, Curt Jurgens and Barbara Bach recaptured the glamour of Bond, because the audience must be able to believe in these characters. But in *Moonraker*, baby-faced Roger Moore simply sends up 007. Bond has finally shot his bolt. All the newspapers cracked the film up, but I applaud you for saying what you think. *Moonraker* is not a good Bond. Bring back Sean Connery — the real Bond — before the whole series goes down the drain. — Mrs P Joy, Tierney Road, Streatham Hill, London SW2

It is surely time for 007 to be bid to rest (permanently). *Moonraker* is, and looks, tired and jaded. We have two boat chases (in one movie?), yes, it's that desperate folks! There are knowing glances referring to *The Magnificent Seven* and *CE3K*, the latter being repeated twice in case you don't get the joke first time around. The villain is played by colourless Michael Lonsdale, who has about as much charisma as a piece of garlic. Roger Moore looks thoroughly bored, as well he might, and the Jaws character suffers from heavy over-exposure, finally getting involved in a very odd relationship. So far, so bad, with the whole film eventually degenerating into a *Star Wars* mish-mash of explosions and ray guns. *Moonraker* runs for two hours and six minutes and to my mind that's two hours too long. Ah well, back to BBC 2 again. — P G Castle, Sheephouse Way, New Malden, Surrey.

forgettable that you've forgotten it inside ten minutes. Nominally *Moonraker* is supposed to be about another loony scheme to take over the world, but actually it's an excuse for the special effects boys to have themselves a field day. It's a louder and less imaginative version of the kind of thing Joseph Losey was playing at in *Modesty Blaise*.

Losey's version of the spy game was much more refined, surreal and neurotic, a pop art toy with sadistic undertones, but it also served to demonstrate the impasse you reached if you took away the plot. Despite its ingenuity and invention it was really no more than an extended series of cinematic happenings loosely based around the espionage theme. The problem, the implicit one, was that there was no basic core of interest to tie the extravagance down and give it some sense of direction. Losey's film lost out at the box office because it felt loose and aimless and in 1966, the year everyone was making spy movies, they needed to be jet-propelled.

Moonraker reverses the most basic principle of the Bond genre; it turns the spy thriller back into a commercial. Ian Fleming's James Bond was an intensely traditional figure made plausible by being given a contemporary lifestyle. By wrapping his creation up in a post-war Civil Service routine and by insisting that he was a paid professional not an amateur aristocrat, Fleming had cleverly suggested that the patriotic dragon slayer could exist believably in the materialistic society of the '50s and '60s. The films took this re-vamping of a traditional figure in an anti-traditional age a stage further. Sean Connery's Bond wasn't the dandy adventurer of Fleming's novels but a



translation of this old-fashioned character into the imagery of the '60s copywriters.

The sleek, dinner-jacketed Bond and the technological playland he inhabited was an extremely deft exploitation of the superficial glamour of the new affluence. In a very real sense, Bond was an athletic male model who had mobilised the luxury world of the consumer commercial, given it purpose and added the thriller ingredients of violence and danger. Most of the '60s movie spies modelled on the Connery prototype were a debonair combination of playboy and commando, high-living charmers with a soldier's sense of purpose. They had taken the consumer commercial and given it wings, grafted an adventure story on to the copywriters' chic fantasy of available sex and mechanised sophistication and implied that the world of expensive things could actually go somewhere. The commercial promised you instant satisfaction and material luxury; the Bond movies told you a story as well.

Sean Connery's lithe and virile Bond was the ideal hero for this process: dangerously handsome and insolently cool, with a lethal *seigneurial* aura that made him the effortless master of his own violent fantasy. Whether slugging it out aboard the Orient Express in *From Russia With Love* or battling through the deep blue seas of *Thunderball*, he was the image of the expensive jet-setter who had grabbed himself a slice of the action. Connery-Bond was an elegant embodiment of many of the things the '60s admired; young, anarchic, impertinent, promiscuous and classless while nominally toeing the line as a hired Government agent.

The wry Scots brogue and the nonchalant physical grace of the performance put paid to any suggestions of aristocratic effeteism or clubland accents. There was a popular contemporary coolness to Connery's deadly cool, a suave insolence that always stayed just on the straight side of hip. It wasn't until 1973 and the disappointing *Live and Let Die* that Roger Moore revived the image of Bond as an archetypal English gentleman, and traded in Connery's cigarettes for dapper little cigars. The high-living commando became the well-beeled dilettante, and most of the sting of the lethal '60s image was drawn.

In the '60s Bond hadn't just acted as a display case for the enticing glamour world of jet-set sex and sophisticated technological marvels; it had taken the thriller and used it to give this world a central propulsion system. The early Bonds rushed headlong through their plots throwing the sophisticated packaging aside with impudent style. Their stories were fast, logical and hard-edged, and they provided an essential backbone for the potentially camp playlands in which they were based. The Bond movies were serious as well as knowing, and it was this endearing ingenuitism that made them so uniquely appealing. They could have you on the edge of your seat with delight and surprise because they were in it to thrill you, not just to make you laugh.

Kingsley Amis, in a television programme put out just before the release of *Diamonds Are Forever*, warned prophetically of the dangers of the whole routine turning into a joke; it was so much easier to say to an audience, "Look, isn't this all terribly amusing?" than really thrilling them. In fact, Amis was talking about the jokey combat scenes in *Thunderball* but, looking back on it, he might just as well have been giving us a prescription for what Bond was to do the whole way through the '70s.

Diamonds Are Forever saw Connery returning to the Bond role after George Lazenby's strait-laced gaffe in the otherwise first class *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*; it also saw the moviemakers losing faith in the ex-cottontail principle as they piled all the luxuriance they could muster into a wittily written black comedy that allowed Connery to send his '60s superstar image sky-high. This time Connery was an adroit comedian larking about with his own legend, a star performer a thousand times more effortlessly urbane and flippant than the rather plodding and weary movie they'd built for him. *Diamonds Are Forever* was fun because Connery made it fun; when they tried the same send-in-the-clowns principle in the slipshod *Live and Let Die*, the style of the thing fell flat on its face in favour of a form of giddy slapstick. They turned witty thriller into slapstick spectacular, and the dextrous and highly original double act of comedy and thrills that the early Bonds initiated has been outlawed by this essentially timid reliance on self-conscious spoof.

The whole routine has turned camp, and camp, in the end, is parasitic. The present Bonds are doing the things the second-rate '60s rip-offs used to do. There's not much difference between *Our Man Flint* and *Moonraker* as far as tone is concerned, except that *Moonraker* isn't as much fun. *Moonraker* is the ultimate insistence that the spy movie can rely on a showy spirit of

jokey aimlessness and sullen pull in the crowds, but you wonder, watching this jaded firework display, just how long people are going to keep flocking to such graceless overkill. There are signs that audiences are getting fed up with being palmed off with what's really substitute Bond. The lead letter in the Daily Mail of July 2 sounded distinctly annoyed and disenchanted with the "loud gaffaws" and "silly toys" of which *Moonraker* had been full. Whether this is going to indicate a sizeable drop in audience numbers is something that only time will tell, but it does show that the general shoddiness of the series is not going unnoticed.

For a parade-style fun movie, *Moonraker* looks handsome enough, but its style is really just picturesque; the above-average compositions don't contribute to the atmosphere, they merely look pretty and slick. In the old days the Bond movies didn't disperse themselves as widely over the globe as this one does, and they each tried to build up some distinctive visual feel of their own. They managed to get the warm yellow of gold into virtually every frame of the stylish *Goldfinger*; Freddie Young (who used to shoot movies for David Lean) made the Japan of *You Only Live Twice* superbly rich and luxuriant; they got some gloriously clear Alpine photography in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, and Ted Moore captured something of the dusty spaces of the Far West in *Diamonds Are Forever*. In *Moonraker* they go to so many places and try to kid you you're inside so many different sets that you lose all sense of place, design or atmosphere. You never get your bearings as you need to in a movie like this because they keep on shunting you round the universe in case you get bored and want to go home. In its glossy way the resulting mélange is giddy and unattractive; there's no single dominating image you can take away from *Moonraker*, not like the shining interior of Fort Knox, or the gleaming volcano of *You Only Live Twice*, or those knock-your-socks-off Alpine chases in *OHMSS*, or that cavernous super-tanker in *The Spy Who Loved Me*. The movie doesn't look ugly and flat, like the Matt Helm films used to, but it does feel it and it doesn't look distinguished either. The sheer expense of the thing seems to have scared off everyone's sense of style. *Moonraker* tries to go everywhere and show you everything but ends up a confusing jumble, lacking a plot to hold it together and a star to keep it alive.

Roger Moore as Bond isn't a star because he doesn't have the style or the outrageous personality for it; he's an amiable asteroid on loan from television. His personality is small, perky and smug, and he's best in long-shot when he's not moving. In close-up you see straight through the awful



Bond on the Moon? Connery in *Diamonds are Forever*



Lacey and Monypenny in *OHMSS*



Will the real James Bond stand up please? Sean Connery's own song — in *Diamonds Are Forever*



Zero gravity for Lois Chiles and Roger Moore in *Moonraker* . . .

. . . where Moore finds the nerve gas that may paralyse the series



middle-aged youthfulness to the flabby jowls and the one expression he's learned he can get by with from television. As a performer he's so neutral that he has a kind of vacancy, a substitute for the clean-cut heroism you're not being given. When he delivers a joke he's so keen for you to get it that he drops it like a lead weight; years of television have taught him that you have to adopt this inflexible obviousness if you intend to stay the course. If you're adequately weightless in everything, the chances are that people will get used to you and you'll go on getting parts. Watching Moore coasting through *Moonraker* on autopilot, you can see exactly why Connery said recently that he thought he played the part with more subtlety and greater weight.

Moore can't move and he can't really deliver dialogue and he hasn't the star charisma that would forgive the other two. *Moonraker* is built round a star but it hasn't got one, and all the paraphernalia that's designed to show him off ends up supporting him. Moore isn't keeping all this expensive packaging alive, as Connery did with that insolently witty performance in *Diamonds Are Forever*, but gliding through, hoping the way-out hardware will disguise the vacuum at the centre. At best Moore was a lightweight charmer who was energetic enough for you to forgive his badness. He was quite punchy as "The Saint"; second string David Niven cropped to fit the television screen. And when he moved on to "The Persuaders" his Lord Bess Sinclair seemed tolerably right because the whole set-up was a superior snigger at fringe espionage and Moore was the epitome of the '60s tele-star ready to camp up his own past. But there's no energy in the *Moonraker* script and Moore wanders helplessly through this demented Disneyland like a chat show host looking for a show. This time they ask him to play James Bond flat on his back, and he simply doesn't have Connery's laid-back wit.

It's no good putting all of the blame on to Roger Moore for the way the series is going. Moore isn't good but it's the moviemakers who are insisting that he's this obvious throwaway goon who's only idea of a comedy is smart-arsed slapstick. They've buried the series in jokes.

They've got so uneasy about their creation that the only response they're allowing you is the snigger. *Moonraker* is a million-dollar titter machine that looks pretty close to exhaustion. There's simply not a great deal you can do with the titter, and, as they roll the surprises out of the cupboard and explode yet another expensive set, you begin to see the rudimentary mechanism at work and you marvel at its paucity.

The change of life isn't satisfactory. Bond has evolved into a plotless version of the machine-mad television series "Thunderbirds", and it's got a dummy at the centre who behaves like a push-button Superman. They've made the whole thing too easy, Bond no longer has to work at the problems he's set, he just flicks a switch and he's free. The whole idea of logic backing up the implausible has been jettisoned in favour of the gag principle.

In his novel "Thunderball", Fleming gave you a run-down on the complex propulsion systems driving Largo's yacht "The Disco Volante" simply to get you to believe in the thing; in the same spirit Desmond Llewelyn's marvellously techy Q explained exactly how Connery's Aston Martin DB5 worked in *Goldfinger*, and

even assembled a pocket helicopter in front of your very eyes in *You Only Live Twice* so that you could see how it was done. Now they just chuck the machines at you with a blithe indifference to plausibility; in fact, the more obviously silly these devices are, the more likely it is that they'll get the requisite laughs. Facetious gadgets litter *Moonraker* but they're all snigger jokes, like Derek Flint's impossible multi-purpose cigarette lighter. Bond's ludicrous gondola that suddenly converts into a hovercraft via a speedboat looks as if it's straight out of a lavish episode of "Batman", particularly with Bond sitting primly atop the thing while a stagey crowd spills beer over itself in caricature amazement. *Moonraker* is spin-off Bond with a broad smirk on its face, and the moviemakers have never been in more danger than this of imitating their imitators.

On the credit side, Lois Chiles is a gorgeous, witty heroine who acts the parts off everyone in sight; the pre-credit aerial sequence is breathlessly well-staged; the sets and effects may win the film an Oscar or two, and John Barry has written a lousy title song but a lovely symphonic score to go with it.

The packaging is superb; it's how they use it and what's inside that's disappointing.

Bond (Roger Moore) and Karen in the spirited *The Spy Who Loved Me*



TV Films

BBC-1

Fire Over England (1936). Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier.

Northwest Frontier (1959). Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall.

The Adventures of Marco Polo (1938). Gary Cooper, Basil Rathbone.

The Elusive Pimpernel (1950). David Niven, Margaret Leighton.

For the duration of this month (and partly through November) the BBC are screening a seven part sequel to "Roots," a made-for-television film based on the characters from the novel by Alex Haley. Already a huge success in America, "Roots The Next Generation" has a cast which includes Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland and Richard Thomas, with Marlon Brando also appearing in a later episode.

Among BBC-1's season of recent films is *Susanne's Watching Me* (starring Lauren Hutton and Adrienne Barbeau) a thriller

written and directed for television by John Carpenter; in addition to the following titles:

Mr Majestyk (1974). Charles Bronson, Al Lettieri.

For Pete's Sake (1974). Barbra Streisand, Michael Sarrazin.

Caravan to Vaccaro (1974). David Blaney, Charlotte Rumpkin.

Remaining films being screened this month include:

Nowhere to Go (1958). Maggie Smith, George Nader.

The Main Attraction (1962). Pat Boone, Mai Zetterling.

The Asphalt Jungle (1950). Sterling Hayden, Marilyn Monroe.

Banning (1967). Robert Wagner, Jill St John.

Circus of Fear (1967). Christopher Lee, Suzi Kendall.

BBC-2

Out of the Clouds (1954). Anthony Steel, James Robertson Justice.

Mrs Parkinson (1944). Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.

Ride, Vagabond (1953). Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.

Lisbon (1956). Ray Milland, Claude Rains.

The Feminine Touch (1941). Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche.

The Unfaithful (1947). Ann Sheridan, Zachary Scott.

Sherlock Holmes Faces Death (1943). Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

The Square Ring (1955). Jack Warner, Joan Collins.

Across the Pacific (1942). Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor.

The Scapegoat (1959). Alec Guinness, Bette Davis.

The Magic Christian (1970). Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

The Boss' Son (1978). Asher Braun, Rudy Solari.

The Todd Killings (1970). Robert F Lyons, Richard Thomas.

Siddhartha (1973). Shashi Kapoor, Simi Garewal.

Roseland (1977). Lou Jacobi, Geraldine Chaplin.

The season of British feature films made at Ealing Studios continues with:

The Titled Thunderbolt (1952). Stanley Holloway, John Gregson.

A Run for your Money (1949). Alec Guinness, Donald Houston.

The Man in the White Suit (1951). Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.

The Maggie (1953). Paul Douglas, Alex Mackenzie.

The Warner Brothers season includes:

Miner Roberts (1955). Henry Fonda, James Cagney.

Now Voyager (1942). Bette Davis, Claude Rains.

Sergeant York (1941). Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan.

The Roaring Twenties (1939). James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart.

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938). Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland.

This month's Jean Renoir films are:

Les Bas Fonds (1936). Jean Gabin, Louis Jouvet.

La Bête Humaine (1938). Jean Gabin, Simone Simon.

La Règle du Jeu (1939). Marcel Daho, Noëlle Grégor.

A special event this month also includes a BBC screening of Ingmar Bergman's *Face to Face* (1976) starring Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson, which will be shown in separate parts.

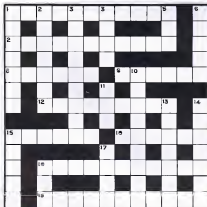
Movie Crossword

DAVID QUINLAN

CLUES

Across

- 1 King I recharged vigorously to produce up-and-coming star (7,4)
- 7 Did Ladd's effort beat Margaret O'Brien's racehorse? (6,5)



- 8 Mickey the dustman? (6)
- 9 Irish detective? (6)
- 12 Loud film organisation, Jones. He brought 'em back alive (5,4)
- 15 Blindfold, 'e had ope o' them days (6)
- 16,6 dm Joe E Brown's times for an offer? (6,5)
- 18 Sit down, tell of Eastern fuel crisis: Moreau classic! (2,3,6)
- 19 Going to Douglas movie makes right bet, see? (3,3,5)
- Down**
- 1 She was lovely to look at the second time around (7)
- 2 Howl at Errol Flynn film! (3,4)
- 3 Award-winning comedy stage musical: where it might be performed (5,4)
- 4 Pursues a biting thriller! (4)
- 5 Voluptuous star's dye ran (3)
- 6 See 16 across
- 10 Where Sophia Loren established residence by craft (9)
- 11 Brando character could be added to first two of 19 for another Douglas movie (3)
- 13 Deceive a film westerner, as this film westerner sought to . . . (3,4)
- 14 See 15 down
- 15,14 Fairbanks at the double! Dexter's daredevils (5,7)
- 17 Famous murderer united in France to reveal Oscar-winner (4)
- 18 Granger character knocked down at the auction? (3)

Solution on page 79

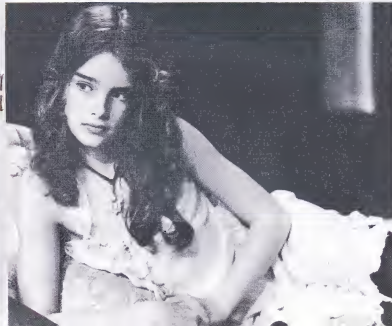
Pretty BABY

Three years ago I came across the book "Storyville, New Orleans" by Al Rose (University of Alabama Press), an historical survey of that city's red light district, from the 1880s until 1917, the year when it was closed down. The book contains a series of interviews from living witnesses of the period. When I read the recollections of one woman named Violet, I knew from that moment on that one day I would create a film based on her story. Using those few pages as a springboard, Polly Platt and I created 'Pretty Baby.' Many of the strangest and most provocative scenes in the film are not wholly invented from our imagination. They are based on truth and the reality of life as it existed in Storyville. This text, in its very graphic language, evokes a disturbing world with total honesty.

Louis Malle



Left: Brian Satterton. Ethel-patterson
Brooke Shields, Keith Carradine and
Don K. Lutenbacher in scenes from
Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby*



CENSORSHIP TODAY

by JAMES FERMAN



With this insight into the thinking and workings of the British Board of Film Censors, its current Secretary explains the ever-changing attitudes towards sex and violence, morals and manners, films and advertising — and the law itself

THE past year at the box-office has shown that the British film industry has not only an exciting present but a promising future. And this year's American Academy Awards are a reminder of British achievement. Of the five films nominated for Best Picture, two have English co-stars — Julie Christie in *Heaven Can Wait* and Alan Bates in *An Unmarried Woman* — and two of the others, for what may be the first time in history, were actually made by British production companies — *Midnight Express* and *The Deer Hunter*. Indeed, the director of the latter, Michael Cimino, stated in London recently that no American producer would have had the faith to stick by *The Deer Hunter* with such wholehearted support as Barry Spikings and Michael Doolley did on behalf of EMI. Yet four of the five films nominated for Best Picture of the Year would not have been passed uncensored in Britain ten years ago, and might not have been passed uncensored even five years ago. Two of them, *Coming Home* and *An Unmarried Woman*, include language of a kind rarely heard before the mid '70s, and *Coming Home* includes a sex scene of a kind never passed before 1977. As for *Midnight Express* and *The Deer Hunter*, both include moments of violence far stronger than anything passed by the British Board of Film Censors until very recently indeed. In each of these cases, we felt that context justified the details, and this is the sort of test we apply to all films nowadays. Indeed, with *The Deer Hunter* we were asked to suggest cuts for AA and felt it necessary to refuse very firmly. To cut a film of that stature would be wrong on any grounds, but to use film censorship as the excuse to reduce its length would be a misuse of the purposes of censorship in Britain. It was gratifying to hear from Michael Cimino two weeks ago that our letter refusing to cut the film in Britain was instrumental in preventing its cutting in America, where it had been felt initially that a film over three hours long could never be commercial. Well, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and when *The Deer Hunter*

finally opened in London, it proved to be the top box-office success. The public can take strong meat in a good cause and at great length, and, slowly, talent has begun to tell its own story at the box-office. The British Board of Film Censors believes in the cinema. We have a trust to treat works of art and of entertainment with respect, and the standards of the Board have evolved along with the standards of popular taste, which have changed not only here in Britain but throughout the world. We try, as far as possible, to let classification look after the problem of taste nowadays, and where a film is marginal as between two categories, we feel it right normally to give the company the choice of the category they prefer. The reasons for category decisions, or for cuts, are of two kinds, which can be roughly described under the headings: manners and morals. Language, for example, is a question of manners, as is nudity, and by manners I mean propriety, what a society may feel is appropriate to a particular time or place. Bad language is incapable of harming anyone, though it can prove very offensive to those who have no wish to hear it. We try to cope with language nowadays largely by means of category. The U category is meant to signal to parents that there is nothing in the film which they would not wish their children to see or hear. There was a Disney film recently in which we allowed the villain to say "bloody." He said it in a very villainous way, and it could not really be taken as a model for the behaviour of children in the audience. On the other hand, we would not wish this sort of language to become the thin end of the wedge. Parents trust the U, and we value their trust.

In another Disney film, *The Treasure of Matecumbe*, we were presented with a quite different problem. Two young boys after the American Civil War encounter a Ku Klux Klan lynching party and need to rescue the innocent man about to be hanged. With them is Peter Ustinov as a quick medicine man who suggests inserting strips of cloth in medicine bottles, igniting them, and hurling these incendiary weapons at the lynching party. The ruse works, but the scene as originally edited showed the Ku Klux Klan robes going up in flames. Frightening away villains seems a harmless enough act to present to children as heroic behaviour, but setting fire to their clothes seemed a different matter altogether. We asked for the deletion of all shots implying that this was the result of throwing the bottles, and I'm glad to say the scene remained exciting enough even without these frightening moments. There are two separate issues at stake here. The use of the word "bloody" in a children's film is a breach of manners. Incendiarism, which may conceivably put a dangerous idea into the minds of the young and impressionable, raises moral considerations of a kind which the Board believes to be far more important.

The manners/morals distinction is one we can follow right up the category scale. *Hooper* was one of the most delightful comedies of last year, with Burt Reynolds as a hell-raising Hollywood stuntman with a

salty turn-of-speech to match his dare-devil occupation. The Board has taken the view in recent years that sexual expletives are never permitted in the family categories, although we have allowed at the A level the sort of invective swear-words which spring so easily to the lips of American film characters nowadays. Well, *Hooper* stuck to the letter of this rule, and it is the same rule that the American ratings board applies to the American PG (Parental Guidance) category, which is the equivalent of our A. It seemed to us, however, that *Hooper* did not stick precisely to the spirit of this requirement, and the incidence of low-level swearing throughout the film was of a kind we thought many parents might be embarrassed to find in a film classified for children. We offered the AA uncensored, but the British distributors preferred to reduce the incidence of swearing by about half, a technical feat which they achieved without doing serious damage to the film, although permission had to be obtained from the president of the Hollywood studio and from Burt Reynolds himself. It's not always that easy to cut dialogue, since it leaves a



Robert Foxworth faces a Ku Klux Klan lynch mob, a scene praised in part from the Disney *Treasure of Matecumbe*. Opposite: British (small illustration) and American networks for the campaign *Advertising the Warriors*

hole in the picture as well but, in the case of *Hooper*, the cuts made a delightful comedy available to a great many children for whom it must have provided a highly entertaining outing to the cinema.

Sometimes the cuts at the A level are for more serious reasons. A Charles Bronson thriller, *Love and Bullets*, finds the hero surrounded by villains in a mid-west city without a gun — difficult as that may be for Bronson fans to imagine. What does he do? Well, he wanders the hotel corridors looking for the means to contrive a home-made weapon. He finds a tool-chest belonging to the hall porter, and in it a box of nails. He takes the nails back to his hotel room and adds to the raw materials a pile of paper and some sellotape. Around the head of each of the nails he wraps a cone of paper which he fixes with the tape. He strips down a standard lamp and uses the central column as a blow-pipe for his home-made, lethal darts. Later, we see him put out the eye of one of the villains with this handy, do-it-yourself weapon. The possibilities of such items on the football terraces were very much in our minds when

— we asked the distributors to delete all details of how these darts were made.

You may think our worries were far-fetched, but in November last year, the Daily Mail printed an account of a sinister new weapon thrown around the terraces at the Molyneux ground at Wolverhampton during a match with Manchester United. These were metal discs, two inches in diameter, with a razor-sharp rim, machine sharpened in some steelworks, possibly by an apprentice who had seen a *kung-fu* film passed a couple of years ago in which a similar weapon was displayed. At that time, we would never have believed anyone would take the trouble to use a machine shop to manufacture such missiles. This is a mistake we will not make so easily in future. We have made a point in recent years of cutting chainsticks from all *kung-fu* films because this metal adaptation of the Chinese rice flail began turning up as a home-made weapon used in gang fights in Britain. The distributors of *kung-fu* films know that, as far as the Board is concerned, chainsticks are out. In America, no such care is taken, and it is interesting that one of the gangs seen in *The Warriors*, the gang-warfare movie which has caused such alarm in America, would seem, if you look very closely, to be armed with chainsticks. Fortunately, few would recognise the weapon unless they were looking with the eye of a censor, but we are concerned that any national authority should have allowed such dangerous weapons to be imported from one culture to another with no thought of social control. It came as a great shock to Blake Edwards when we insisted that not even Peter Sellers could wield one for laughs in *The Pink Panther Strikes*

'Slowly, talent has begun to tell its own story at the box-office'

Again. He assumed that, uncut, he could at least have an X instead of a U, since that was the American system, but we said that with chainsticks in, the film would not receive a certificate at all. It seems to us that the film industry in Britain has a responsibility for the sort of behaviour it appears to normalise. We are not yet a violent society, but we could become one if some of the tendencies now apparent were allowed to gather force. I shall return to the film *The Warriors* later, since it raises the problem of the way we advertise films in Britain, an aspect of the business which I believe to be just as important as the films themselves. Sometimes it is commercially important for a film to gain the A certificate which makes it available as family entertainment. *Force 10 From Navarone*, for example, is the kind of military adventure traditional in world cinema, and most of the film is clearly A, despite the battle sequences. In one scene, however, the heroine, Barbara Bach, is

discovered by the villains to be a double agent. Hurled to the ground, she's not only beaten but kicked, quite viciously, by Richard Kell, the actor who played Jaws in *The Spy Who Loved Me*. We felt that to allow young children to see a woman their mother's age thrown to the ground and viciously kicked in a piece of trivial entertainment was potentially deeply disturbing, and we asked that the kicks in this scene be deleted.

It's important, by the way, that advertising makes clear that the A implies a film rather stronger than U. Too many advertisers are content to blur this distinction. We believe that no A film should be advertised as if it were suitable for all children. *The Driver* is a case in point — suitable for children of about eleven upwards, not really for those below. One act of violence nearly took the film out of the A category. It was cut in Britain, and it might even have been cut for X. No doubt it meant little to the filmmaker, since the whole film was a kind of tribute to the style of American crime pictures. But this particular incident showed a villain terrorising a defenceless woman with a pistol which he forced into her mouth, an image both sexual and violent to an extent undreamed of in the cinema ten years ago. We have had cause to cut this particular piece of action out of several American films in recent years. To American directors, it must now seem merely a familiar piece of genre imagery which they have seen before and which bears little relation to real life. But real life teenagers do go to the movies, and when they reach the age to see adult films, they see, each year, material just that little bit stronger than that which was shown, at the same age, to their elder brothers and sisters. We don't believe that images in which women are forced to suck the barrel of a gun are of a sort which ought to be implanted in the psyches of young adults whom we hope to see one day take their place as responsible citizens of a caring society. If this sort of thing becomes acceptable, even at the X level, where do we draw the line?

In 1976, we drew it at a shot in which the muzzle of a rifle was inserted in close-up into a woman's vagina. Is that the sort of image we wish to implant in the minds of young men? Or young women for that matter? Films and television have a habit of normalising and legitimising material which was once unthinkable. The petrol-driven chainsaw wielded by a maniac in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was imitated recently in a big-budget adventure aimed at the family market, *The Deep*, in which an outboard motor was held to a man's face in much the same terrorising fashion. We requested four cuts in that film to make it suitable for the British A certificate, and in each case the cuts represented moments of violence which astonished us in a film passed in America as family entertainment.

We have recently given AA certificates to several films which were submitted in the hope of an A. Clint Eastwood's *Every Which Way But Loose* includes some very tough bare-knuckle fighting and also a scene in which the hero takes his pet Orang Utang on a nocturnal outing to get it laid.



Warfare violence remembered at home: Robert De Niro and John Cazale in *The Deer Hunter*

The sequence is, in fact, quite amusing, but it seemed to us decidedly adult for the A certificate. The AA would have presented no problems, except that bits of the film were shown on children's television with the result that many below the age of fourteen had to be turned away from cinemas playing a film which had been sold to them as children's entertainment. In the same manner, children all over the country had been sold on John Travolta through television clips from *Saturday Night Fever*, and it is not surprising that eventually a cinema in Doncaster was prosecuted for allowing in some of the youngsters who must have been hammering at the doors of cinemas all over the country. The uncensored version of *Saturday Night Fever* was certainly not suitable for fourteen year-olds, the current age for the AA certificate. It would have been all right for sixteen year-olds, and we would like to see a category at sixteen instead of at fourteen, since this would be more appropriate for a great many films.

Ashanti is a big-budget adventure picture about the slave trade in contemporary Africa which includes a scene in which a young boy is forcibly sodomised by one of his Arab captors. The producers were evidently surprised when we refused to pass this scene A. They decided not to cut, and we issued an AA instead. The scene happens off-screen, but the boy's screams are real enough. In *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, a very young drug-addict in the New York slums acknowledges considerable expertise in the injecting of heroin into places where the needle marks won't show, like under the hairline or in the groin. This didn't stop the film getting a PG in America, but in Britain we accept responsibility for controlling the popularisation of information about methods of drug abuse among the young. The film is critical of what the boy does; indeed, he dies of an overdose, a lesson we felt would not be lost on teenagers. Hence in this country the film was given an AA.

A problem for the Board in recent years has been the crime caper picture. It may seem very old-fashioned now to remember the days when the Hollywood production code insisted that crime must never be seen to pay. In the real world, of course, crime does pay far too often. But criminal heroes are now beginning to be treated as mere adventurers. Of course, outlaws have always been heroes — Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, Jesse James, Billy the Kid . . . *Bonnie and Clyde* perhaps marked the turning point, with vicious outlaws of fairly recent times shown as figures of popular fantasy, acting out the secret dreams of ordinary, frustrated people who would never dare to buck the system themselves. *Bonnie and Clyde* were seen to pay a terrible price for their rebellion, but in the '70s the price is no longer always paid. Many people failed to realise why we gave an AA certificate to *The First Great Train Robbery*. It's an enjoyable caper picture, with a Victorian setting beautifully realised, and with Sean Connery in dashing form as the gentleman thief who pulls off the first great train robbery in history. During the course of the film, however, he gets away

'We have a trust to treat works of art and of entertainment with respect'

with murder, brutally throttling a minor accomplice who has been forced to betray him to the police. At his subsequent trial, Connery is asked by the judge why he has challenged society's values to the extent of planning and executing this extraordinary robbery. "For the money," our hero replies, and the gallery cheers his lack of hypocrisy. He is convicted and sentenced, but at the end of the film he escapes, riding away to enjoy his ill-gotten gains while, under the credits, the crowd cheers a new folk hero. We felt that children below the age of fourteen might actually take the values of the film for the values of our society. If we don't want our children to grow up believing that society exists only to be ripped off, and that other people are fair game for any form of victimisation, a shrewd operator can devise, then I believe we should offer pre-teenage children better models for social behaviour.

At the adult level, it would be nice to assume we were dealing with audiences who

know the difference between right and wrong. I wish this were so. In 1976, the Board looked at fifty-eight films which included scenes of explicit rape. Rape is an important subject. One can't ask film-makers to ignore it, any more than they ignore murder. But can we allow it to be treated as lightly as murder has come to be treated in popular entertainment. The figures for rape are unfortunately increasing in Britain, as they have already increased in America. Everyone knows that murder is wrong, but a strange myth has grown up that rape isn't so bad really, that it may even be a form of liberation for the victim, who may be getting what she secretly desires — and perhaps needs — with no harm done. The facts are less attractive, and the victims of rape may suffer emotional damage quite apart from the sort of physical damage which all too frequently accompanies the sexual assault. Film-makers in recent years have used rape as a turn-on for a male audience, and this is something which the Board will no longer allow.

We have also insisted on the cutting of father-daughter incest from an American sex film in recent years since we are aware that this form of sex crime is among the most common prosecuted in England. Father-daughter incest isn't some strange, kinky perversion; it is usually the result of a man seeking sexual gratification from the object of least resistance — and the partner least likely to report him to the police. If this kind of crime becomes commonplace in sex films, what will happen to the social taboo which inhibits such behaviour?

Child pornography is another serious problem of which we have little experience in Britain, but enough magazines and 8mm —



Stars of the narrowing *Midnight Express*: Randy Quaid, Brad Davis and Norbert Weisser

— films and video cassettes have found their way into this country for Parliament to feel last year that something had to be done. The result was the Protection of Children Act, 1978. The Act applies the test not of pornography but of indecency, thus attaching to the employment of children a more stringent regulation than that which attaches to the employment of adults. In future, any film-maker wishing to employ a child of either sex who is under the age of sixteen at the time the shooting takes place must refrain from involving that child in any photography, still or moving, which may be judged to be indecent by the courts. The term "indecent" is not defined under the Act but is left to be determined by the court in each case. The Act makes it illegal not only to take indecent photographs of children, but to publish, distribute or exhibit them, or to possess them with a view to distribution or exhibition. As a result of this new Act, the Board has felt it necessary to check a number of recent films in which child actors below the age of sixteen were involved, to see if further distribution or exhibition might now be against the law, and the press has recently carried accounts of some of the decisions we have taken under this new legal test.

It is also an offence under this Act to publish or cause to be published any advertisement, whether poster, trailer, or stills, which is likely to be understood as conveying that the advertiser distributes or shows indecent photographs or films of children. Well, we all know that the British film industry has had occasion from time to time in recent years to advertise films imported from abroad as promising the delights of sex with schoolgirls. We turned down such a film in 1977 because it sought to exploit the sexual attractions of adolescent girls. In Australia recently, they have begun to withdraw certificates granted to such films in previous years on the grounds that the films are "undesirable in the public interest." Censorship problems in the film industry tend to be international, and it may be that they will not be solved without international agreements about the kinds of material which ought to be considered universally undesirable in the public interest. Our own Parliament has done its bit towards controlling the conditions under which such films are made. If children under the age of sixteen are photographed indecently, the films will no longer be given entry to the British market. In the same way, Parliament attempted in 1937 to control cruelty to animals during film-making. The Cinematograph Films (Animals) Act, 1937, makes it illegal to exhibit publicly in Britain any scene in the making of which cruelty to animals has taken place, wherever in the world the film was made. The Act does not control the treatment of wild animals, but it does apply to those in game reserves or within the control of the film company at the time of shooting. Like the new Protection of Children Act, this law is not concerned with the effect of a scene on its audience. It is an attempt to limit the exploitation by film companies of animals that cannot protect themselves, and the Board has, over the years, found it

'I do not want the police censoring films in Britain'

necessary to make many deletions in films on the basis of this test. In *The First Great Train Robbery*, we had to cut a number of shots in a "ratting" sequence in which a terrier was set amongst rats, harassing them and eventually killing some, while spectators placed bets. The results on the screen were clearly in breach of this particular Act, but it was interesting that proceedings were later brought against the film company under a different Act, the Protection of Animals Act, 1911, because the owner of the rats came to the studio and discovered that his animals were to be treated cruelly solely in the interests of entertainment.

At a film censorship conference in Rome in 1977, I explained that a major distributor in Britain had withdrawn an advertising poster for the film *Schizo* because the ad had been criticised by the Advertising Standards Authority, a wholly voluntary body. The ad showed two hands holding a chopper, with the slogan: "Schizophrenia — where the left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing." Psychiatrists advised that the suggestion that schizophrenic patients are violent was not only inaccurate but liable to be damaging in its effect on public attitudes. The Board was also asked to remove the word "violent" from the description of schizophrenia in the opening commentary of the film, and again the distributor readily complied. When I was asked in Rome what had compelled a British company to agree to such requests, those present were astonished that no compulsion had been necessary, that no statutory authority had been involved, and that the alterations had been effected purely on grounds of social responsibility based on a gentlemen's agreement. Gentlemen's agreements, of course, depend on a tradition of gentlemanly behaviour, and the whole of film classification and control in Britain is based on an intangible network of consent through a system of mutual responsibility which is in many ways unique to the British film industry.

Last year, the General Secretary of the Cinema Exhibitors' Association, Robert Camplin, delivered a very eloquent speech on the subject of film censorship in Britain. He called for an end to adult censorship, suggesting that films should be allowed to take their chances with the criminal law like the theatre, and books and magazines. I disagree. When I took up my present position in June 1975, the cinema was going

through a brief period of control by the criminal law. Exhibitors and distributors had been hauled before the courts, the police were beginning to interest themselves in the sort of entertainments put on in the licensed cinema, and censorship was a highly controversial and contentious subject in Britain. I sat through several long cases before judges and juries which did nothing for my confidence in the ability of the criminal law to control this industry. I don't want the police censoring films in Britain. Neither by training nor by temperament are they qualified for the job. Nor are elderly judges who have rarely attended the cinema in years best qualified to make rulings about what can and cannot be shown on British screens. The British system has, by and large, been a great success. The Board applies the law, taking the best legal advice available. We also set national standards, from which local authorities are free to diverge in either direction where they see fit. Few of them any longer disagree with decisions of the Board, and where they do they seem to me to be well within their rights to do so. Last year, *The Black Panther* was perfectly acceptable as adult entertainment, but those local authorities who had actually experienced the crimes depicted in the film had a right, it seems to me, to respond to local feeling by saying: "not this film — not yet."

Three years ago the Board decided it had no right to carry on a secret censorship of public entertainment in Britain. As a result, we began publishing monthly reports of all decisions taken by the Board, with reasons for classification and for cuts, and with our justification for refusing films altogether. It is ironic that the more effectively we do our job, the less the British public or the British film industry may see a need for that job to be done at all. Audiences in Britain never see the worst that the world's film-makers have to offer. Films glorifying rape, the torture of naked women, the degradation of adolescent girls, the infliction of serious bodily harm through easily copied weapons, the casual slaughter of animals — such things are habitually cut or rejected in the British cinema. If they were permitted, I believe the public would demand that the police and the courts and Parliament take a far tougher line with the cinema than they have done so far.

The Board led the movement in 1977 on behalf of the film industry and the local authorities to bring films within the scope of the Obscene Publications Act. This meant that films must be taken as a whole, that artistic merit could be argued in defence, and that the test of criminality was not offensiveness but actual harm to the morality of a significant proportion of the likely audience. This became law in December 1977, and just as we have recently been reconsidering films under the Protection of Children Act, so we have also had occasion to reconsider one under the Obscene Publications Act. The first *Emmanuelle* film included a vicious rape scene in the last reel in which the heroine, as part of her sexual education, was violently ravished in an opium den, held down screaming by three men while her elderly

mentor looked on approvingly from a table near by. We no longer take rape scenes endorsed by the context of the film, and this scene has now been cut to conform with the Obscene Publications Act, since we believe that the deprave-and-corrupt test applies to any scene which may encourage the imitation or toleration of the anti-social behaviour portrayed. I believe it is better that the film industry itself control such material than that films should be dragged through the courts with all that that would mean for the reputation of an industry which is capable of far better things.

I mentioned earlier in discussing *The Warriors* that I wished to come back to the question of advertising. In America, three youths have already died in gang fights attributed to the showing of this film, yet after the first twenty minutes, the film never endorses the violence it portrays. It begins, frighteningly, as a gang leader attempts to unite all the gangs in New York into an army which could dominate the city. But unity is not in the nature of teenage gangs, and this demagogue is casually assassinated by a young psychopath from the crowd who blames it on another gang, *The Warriors*. They must fight their way back from the Bronx to Brooklyn through the territory of half a dozen rival gangs baying for their blood, and the film is on the side of the victims in a bid for survival, never on the side of the aggressors. The Board passed this film uncut, but we were alarmed to read of the American publicity. The poster

distributors of *Lemon Popsicle* that they make a few small cuts for AA, since the film might be very much enjoyed by a teenage audience. They preferred to retain the X, and, it would appear, hope to get the kids in anyway. This kind of advertising doesn't do much for the image of the British film industry.

The KRS Advertising Committee vets posters, newspaper advertising and front-of-house stills for all X films shown in the West End of London. Since the beginning of this year, the Board has been represented on this committee, along with the Advertising Standards Authority, the Newspaper Society, the Newspaper Publishers' Association, the British Poster Advertising Association, London Transport Advertising, and representatives of distributors and exhibitors. We have been most impressed with the work of this committee. It is highly responsible, and it does its job thoroughly and well. I believe it should vet all advertising for all films shown in Britain, and I believe that this gesture of responsibility for the image of the British film industry would do much to reassure the public, the local authorities, and Parliament.

Lastly, I would like to return to the suggestion made last year, that there ought to be a "safety-valve area that is beyond the area where the Board's certificates have been granted, yet within the area where (criminal) convictions do not arise." For the reasons I have already given, I would

not wish to see films shown in the adult cinema in Britain which had not been pre-vetted and authorised by some responsible authority. The danger to race relations, to the welfare of children or animals, to the normalising or legitimising of rape or sadism seem to me to be far too serious to be allowed free rein in public entertainment. I do believe, however, that there is a need for some safety-valve area, and we have begun discussions with the industry and local authorities about the possibility of an experimental adult category: "for designated cinemas only." This would enable us to pass a few films each year which we believe to be both legal and harmless, but which are rather beyond what most local authorities are today prepared to accept in the adult cinema. It would be a means of testing the water from time to time and would give a certain flexibility to the British system of film classification.

This system has already proved itself over the years to be among the best in the world. There is room for improvement, but the system has always responded well to criticism from within and without. It operates by consent and must earn the support of Parliament, of the local authorities, of the film industry, and of the public. I hope we will continue to be worthy of your support.

Adapted from a talk given by James Ferman, Secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, at the 1979 all-industry seminar sponsored by the Association of Independent Cinemas.



First Great Train Robbery — Casualty murders

there featured a mass of armed gang members with the copyline, "They are 100,000 strong. They outnumber the cops 5 to 1. They could run New York city." All over the country, gangs were arriving at cinemas spoiling for a fight, and the ads were whipping them up into a fever of anti-social excitement. We have asked the British distributors to advertise the film more responsibly in Britain, and they readily agreed.

Advertising far too often brings the film industry into disrepute. The film *The Passage* was advertised on commercial radio with the catch phrase, "Malcolm McDowell in his most vicious role since *A Clockwork Orange*." What emotions is that supposed to evoke in the film's potential audience? *Lemon Popsicle* is being sold as "everything about being seventeen — if you're over that age, you'll remember it, if you're under, you'll be eager to enjoy it." And, presumably, if you're under seventeen, you'll be eager to see the film. We suggested to the



Every Which Way But Loose — Grit fights on

DAVID CASTELL FROM
SAN SEBASTIAN ON

... a good festival

Where is San Sebastian and why does it have a film festival?

San Sebastian is on the northernmost shores of Spain, and it has a film festival because — well, because it's always had one. For the last twenty-seven years, that is.

It is, then, like Cannes or Berlin?

No, no. It has a style all of its own. Formal and relaxed at the same time. A little chaotic perhaps.

Surely this is not a good quality for a festival. What form does this chaos take?

Some of the films don't turn up on the day they are expected, others are summarily withdrawn and, most confusing, the hostesses are not always kept abreast of the latest developments.

Hostesses?

Yes, there is a regular little army of ladies, most of whom are called Maria. They wear smartly tailored suits of midnight blue and jockey caps. Their job is to disseminate information to the visiting delegations.

But they themselves are not always informed?

Not always. If, as frequently occurs, there is a change of programme, they are apt to pack you off to non-existent press showings of films that have yet to arrive in Spain. In the case of Peter Bogdanovich's "Saint Jack" (which had been moved forward several days within the programme on account of the non-appearance of the Canadian film, "Running"), a hostess insisted that I proceed into the darkened theatre with the words: "The press show will take place now. Well, not exactly now, but they have gone to the airport to look for the film."

This theatre is very grand?

Oh, very grand. It is called the Victoria Eugenia and it is like a miniature opera house with a horseshoe of gilt boxes, affording imperfect views of the screen, but much elegance. At the evening performances, there is red carpet on the stairs to the boxes and the way is lined with people in national costume who hold an arch of swords and fans above your head.

It sounds like "The Pirates of Penzance"...

It looks a little like "The Pirates of Penzance" and there is a band playing. It is all very jolly.

And the films? Are they very jolly?

Not at all. They are a fairly glum lot on the whole, but compensation is to be found in the place and the people.

They, then, make the visit worthwhile?

Absolutely. San Sebastian itself is a honeymoon of a town, with proud wide bays of sand and gracious avenues. The natives, too, are friendly. Their hospitality is lavish and no courtesy is too much effort for them.

And this attracts celebrities from the world of cinema?

Well, Judy Geeson came and celebrated her birthday there by receiving a chocolate gâteau and several small token gifts. One was a delicate Oriental fan, the others sugared almonds and liqueurice tidbits.

She had a film in the festival?

I suspect you are being deliberately obtuse. She was there to add decoration, a task in which she succeeded admirably.

I think I am beginning to understand. Who else was there?

Theresa Russell, who stars in Nicolas Roeg's re-titled film "Bad Timing." Also Sally Nicholson, a fashion model who turned heads by wearing all the latest punk-chic disco fashions.

Did I not read that these two were to film together?

There was one rumour that they were to co-star in a film called "Shark Girl." Another that Ms Nicholson was fresh from Australia where, while filming in the outback, she had saved the life of a lighting cameraman who was attacked by a crazed kangaroo. My old bones tell me there is some flaw in these stories. You must ask one of the many journalists who thronged to enquire more fully into these matters.

The world's press, then, was there?

Not all of them, you understand. A couple of British critics of distinction; a few middlebrows such as myself; some Americans of gentle mien; a lugubrious Swede or two; a serene Oriental. I thought I saw a German, but would not swear to it. The bulk, of course, was Spanish or French.

And how does it all compare with other festivals?

You must realise that this was my first visit, so I have no yardstick, but there was an air of vigour. Cannes, which has the luck to fall earlier in the season, had already stolen a march with the European premieres of "Manhattan" and "Apocalypse Now," the films San Sebastian chose to open and close its festival. But the intentions to show others were honourable.

You say "intentions"?

Yes, the British representation was rather feeble. "Quadrophonia" was withdrawn from the official competition by its Spanish distributor. Derek Jarman's "The Tempest" was not ready in time. "The Kids Are Alright" was...

... Would it not be quicker to tell me what was shown?

"Sebastiane."

But that is three years old!

I know it. But Sebastian is the saint who gives the lovely town its name. Perhaps that had something to do with it.

And what did the Spanish make of a gay film in dog Latin with sub-titles?

They took it well enough. Since Franco's departure, you must remember, there has been an enthusiastic refusal of sexual repression in Spain. Think of the festival's Spanish entry, "Salut I Forca al Canut."

I would if I understood. Will you translate?
Ah, now there you have me. I asked one of

but not a great one . . .

Terminator jaws — Giger's Alien gets its teeth into the festival (illustration from *The Book of Alien*, Star, £2.90)

the hostesses but, blushing, she refused point blank. All she would say was that it is a Catalan toast to the bridegroom on his stag night.

But when you saw the film?

The official interpreter translated it through the earphones, but this is not the sort of magazine in which I would write down what she said. Suffice it to say that I now believe it is a stag night toast of the most common sort. You need not trouble yourself about the film, since a camel is more likely to go through the eye of a needle than this movie is to turn up in Britain. It is an undisciplined, undergraduate satire on family, church and government. It was as though a Bunuel fancier was trying to justify his involvement in a "Confessions" caper. The plot may have had valid social points to make . . .

"May"? Did you not concentrate? Did you not see the film through to its conclusion?

I resent these insinuations. I stayed the course, but the interpreter did not. The translation was frequently out of synchronisation with the dialogue and, for three lengthy periods, the interpreter lost her place and resumed in Spanish which, I regret, I do not speak.

So the translation arrangements are not ideal?

Hardly. But this was at an evening performance. At the daytime press screenings for the international journalists, there are no translation facilities whatsoever.

But, no. So you must have been tempted to concentrate on the English-speaking films?

I fear so. I made tireless efforts to catch up with "The Magician of Lublin," Menahem Golan's Israeli film which was to have been shown on the day of my arrival but was, of course, moved forward.

You finally saw it?

Yes, while the nocturnal revellers were yet to have their end-of-party swim, I stole off into the pre-dawn darkness to sit with the Belgian juror who had also contrived to

miss this film at an earlier screening. My heart was heavy because those of my friends who had seen it at a more civilised hour thought it pretty dire. The juror had been similarly tipped off.

What is it about?

Well, Alan Arkin plays a Polish magician who, after a fairly raffish life, becomes a holy man and, when attacked by an enemy from his past, turns into five black birds.

A good trick. What does it signify?

I thought it was a parable on atonement and the forgiveness of sins. A colleague voiced the opinion that it was about pride and vanity and the invisibility thereof. The Biblical references were not lost on either of us. We each carried away from the film the idea that playing Casanova and Houdini at the same time was not on with the Almighty.

Did no one like it?

It won some friends among the more earnest Euro-critics who found it serious, but inconclusive. They thought it was a good film. But not a great film.

And was it good film?

No, it was as dull as a brush. Coming a century too late to warn the womanisers of Warsaw of this threat of avian metamorphosis, the only reason I could see for making it was tax.

Tax?

Yes, it was made by the Israelis using a Bavarian company with tax shelter money. Tax is fast becoming an important aspect of film production and exhibition. It is the reason, for instance, that many films are entered at San Sebastian. They win tax relief on the subsequent profits from the Spanish market. That is why films like "Alien" appeared at San Sebastian. It is a fair incentive. Anyway, the audience liked "Alien."

You went to see "Alien" again?

Indeed I did. I set out to see a German film, but discovered from one of the hostesses that what was showing that morning was the re-scheduled Cuban film that I had had to miss the night before. With a courage born of strong black coffee, I tackled it sans translation. I was surprised to find it

called "The Eighth Passenger," for I remembered a different title.

And?

It was "Alien." Seeing it again did not budge me one inch in my view of its manipulative nastiness. But, leaving the theatre, I was cheered to be asked for my autograph by a gaggle of Spanish urchins.

They knew you?

No. They approach anyone coming out of the theatre for autographs in the hope that it will be someone famous.

How sweet. And is the outside of the theatre always lined with these enchanting children?

Not always. Sometimes political demonstrators march to the theatre to heckle and abuse. On one such day, immediately after the screening of "Saint Jack," an enormous crowd came chanting upon the Victoria Eugenia.

Were these the enemies of Peter Bogdanovich?

No, no. You jest. The film was well received despite the fact that it is inconclusive. The Europeans thought it a good film. But not a great film.

Why, then, did this crowd march against the festival?

The matter of the withdrawal of work permits for Spaniards in the border area had once more fanned the flames of Basque separatism. At any rate, the demonstrators tore the flags of France and Spain from their poles and set them alight there and then. Presently they ripped the Union Jack and were in the process of burning it when one faction in the crowd insisted that this was not the flag of the United States. The Stars and Stripes then suffered a similar ignominy while the smouldering Union Jack was tossed in the river as an act of contrite extinction. Just as well. I was about to roll up my sleeves.

I can well imagine. But, good Lord, did the police do nothing?

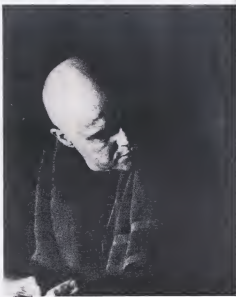
Not a thing. They had strict instructions to interfere in no matter concerning the festival. All I ever saw them do was to marshal traffic and, on one occasion, to cool the ardour of a fisherman who was bidding fair to strangle a motorist who had inadvertently run over a fish that the angler had energetically landed on a traffic bridge. But, after all these exertions and excitements, would you go to San Sebastian again?

I think it unlikely that I shall ever be asked again. But, yes, I was not there long enough to form an opinion that is anything but inconclusive, you understand. But I suspect they should organise themselves better, make wider concessions to internationalism and double their efforts to get worthwhile films in good time. It is as yet a good festival, but not a great festival. But where else could you see movies, observe a live fish run over by a car and get away with signing Jon Voight in an autograph book? ●

COPPALYPSE NOW!



In the first of two articles, Tony Crawley traces the rise and fall and remarkable comeback of Francis Coppola (pictured, right, with Marlon Brando). Coppola's 'masterwork', the trouble-plagued and long-delayed Vietnam film, 'Apocalypse Now,' will finally open in Britain in December



"I TRIED to make it more of an experience than a movie. It's an anti-lie movie, there were so many lies in America about Vietnam. We don't need another one."

Francis Coppola has kept his word. He has made the film of the year — or the post-war American cinema. The most staggering colossus of a film since 2001: *A Space Odyssey*. Masterwork will become the cliché tied to it, but I can find no other; masterpiece has become so devalued of late, and alas, too often by Coppola's protégés.

Apocalypse Now has been joked about for too long. Hit, harried and hassled as 'Apocalypse When' or 'Apocalypse Never' throughout its chequered history as Hollywood's latest Topsy, a dozen years in formation, three directors named for it, John Milius' original screenplay twisting, churning into Coppola's lover of Joseph Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness,' unbelievable avance from stars aiming to retire off it, Typhoon Olga tearing locations asunder, actors getting the sack or having heart-attacks, the Pentagon refusing co-operation, the CIA planting a spy in the crew, while the budget soared from 10 million dollars to, "let's say 30,500,000," the national debt of some lands.

And yet he says it so easily. The figure worries him no more, nor even the fact that he's personally on the hook for 18 million of it (all his assets and home included). Because he's made it. And he owns it.

"I don't know what the American people feel. But my sense — even five years ago, when I began what was at the time an impossible enterprise — was that Vietnam was one of the great elements of our

'I wanted this idea that we drove our children mad. Because we did. And we must take them back, we must make them whole again'

history. That's why I chose to begin this project. My nerves did get a little shattered in the jungle, but not over money — over the issues of the film. The money is not much more than *The War* and a lot of other big films. I was the first one to try and make a film about Vietnam. Why is it such a crime for me to spend a lot of money on a film that deals with morality, when you can spend it on a gorilla or some little fairy-tale or some jerk who flies around the sky?"

He won a warm round of applause for that comment at his Cannes Press conference. He got hefty applause for most of his statements. The trip must have cheered his psyche no end. He arrived at Cannes besmirched as ever by raggle-taggle rumour. He was ill, I was told. Sick. Mad. Popping pills like crazy. He was running scared, beaten to the post by *The Deer Hunter*, *Coming Home*, *Go Tell The Spartans*, even by *The Boys In Company C* and *Australia's The Odd Angry Shot* (both of which view the war as a sports event — cricket with grenades). Why, he'd even seen Ridley Scott stop making bread from Hovis commercials and bring Joseph Conrad back to the screen first in *The Duetists* and naming his space-tug in *Alien* after Conrad's 1904 book, *Nostromo*... while Louis Malle was finally doing something about his twenty-year obsession with the 1915 Conrad work, and re-making the 1930 and 1940 film of *Victory*.

In the event, it was the scandalites who looked sick. Coppola was fine, thinner, trimmer in both wastline and black beard. Stature enough left, though, to match his old title of 'The Sultan of San Francisco,' or as John Milius sees him, 'The Bay Area Mussolini'. And he wasn't in hiding on his 18,000 francs-a-day yacht with the nine double bedrooms, and stream of VIP visitors, either. He was out taking the air, feeling the Cannes pulse, meeting his cherished West German directors, or strolling the Croisette, tourist-style, with his family. His parents, calling him 'Francis', loudly (his father, Carmine, once principal flautist with Toscanini, Oscar-winner for *Godfather II*, supplied the Apocalyptic score, in concert with Francis, for the first time). His wife, (the same wife as always), Eleanor, the graphic designer he'd met in 1962 while making *Dementia 13/The Haunted* and *The Hunted* for Roger Corman in Ireland. And their children, eternally sticking tongues out at every newscamera. Or he'd be flanked by his faithful Bay Area cinematographers, Co-producers Fred Roos, Gray Frederickson, designer Dean Tavoularis (another *Godfather II* Oscar winner), one of his actors, Christian Marquand (Martin Sheen was in and out before anyone noticed), and the last-minute, additional co-producer, Tom Sternberg, a most forbidding heavy. I

heard him admitting to Martin Ritt in a lift that the worst thing about the Cannes trip was, "having to be so damned polite when saying No." Such courtesies must be tough for a fella like Sternberg. He looks part-cowpuncher, part-readie, like Robert Duvall with the wind in the wrong direction. Bad news.

Coppola, then, was everywhere, definitely on everyone's lips. But you could not get him alone, not unless you were Herzog or Fassbinder. Until, quite suddenly, there he was, with the omnipresent Sternberg and French critic Michel Clement in the lunchtime-deserted Carlton Hotel bar. Or was it? Yes, it was Coppola. Very somber. Courteous, too; having to be so damned polite. Yes, he was well, thank you, full of new projects. No, we couldn't meet for an interview, not even a chat. No, no, no. Sternberg glowered from up on high, "You got that?" I'd got it. But, I blustered, I've been waiting all these years to learn about the film. So, Coppola said, had he. He'd say everything he had to say at the press conference, ok?

He didn't appear any bappier there, either, nearly toppling the *grande dame* of the festival press office head over heels in his haste to mount the stage. "No!", he hollered, pushing Louisette Fargette brusquely aside, "let me go up first." If he wanted applause, he got it. More than that, he obviously had something to say, and didn't waste time or mince words in getting to the nub of it. The crow in his throat was the American press, "the most decadent, most unethical, most lying profession I've ever come across." His voice shook with rage. So did his Perrier jug. His compe, Michel Clement, and his interpreter for the French press, Lucius Barre, looked on bemused, and left him to it, sans translation. "And I know of what I speak," he thundered. "There was never a truthful thing written about *Apocalypse Now* in four years. Never one article that ever had the truth in it. About the budget. About what we were doing. About the film. And I found that the journalists would promise to come and see an unfinished film and not write about it — and they *did* write about it. And I said, well, if there are no rules, if there are no ethics, then let me show the film right in Hollywood, right in Cannes, so that everyone can come and see it and get off my back!"

Having exploded, he sat back with relish. The sprinkling of applause emanated, no doubt, from non-American ranks, although some British critics were later quick to defend their trampled cousins, pointing out that neither Coppola nor his company had ever issued any information on the film — as if that excused making up facts. Coppola was well pleased with himself. His invective had been boiling for years. Now he could discuss his film, although less than pleased at having to do so within seconds of our initial exposure to it. "One thing I've learned about this film is that people like to have a little time, even to sleep on what they've seen, before they talk about it." True. Another thing he should have learned was that the European press was on his side from the outset. But he'd collected his Best Film award (shared with Schöndorff's *The Tin Drum*, a US-German co-victory that—



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—delighted him) and he'd gone, straight back to his cutting-rooms, before realising he'd been among friends and not a target in a sniping gallery. Now that we'd seen *Apocalypse*, we were stunned. Shell-shocked. In awe, and not for the first time, of this megalomaniac film-maker.

As Christian Marquand told me some days later, the film leaves you stoned. "You can't think, you can't rationalise, you can't criticise for hours, days afterwards. I have the impression Francis injected some acid into the gelatine." And this from an actor who should be sore; his entire sequence is excised from the final cut. "I understand his reasons for that. The scenes of a French plantation family — Aurora Clement played my daughter — told the history of Vietnam. But the film is not about Vietnam alone. Oh, it's a monument, a masterpiece. It is a phenomenon I've never experienced with a movie before."

But then, according to Coppola, *Apocalypse Now* is not a movie at all. "It's an opera. A film opera. Although it's set during the Vietnam war, it could have taken place at any time where the civilised encounter the primitive. I've attempted to make a theatrical-film-myth dealing with the theme of moral ambiguity."

The Film

Lines from my notebook: *La silence* commence. Silence, so expectant you could hear a cliché drop. *Apocalypse Now* opens on a dark screen. No credits. Nor will there be. Coppola will issue theatre-style programmes. None today; no credits anywhere. In fact, this eerie opening has the Cannes projectionists in a right tizzy. Lights go down. Blank screen. Dark, murky, some music. Lights up, again. Lights down again. Blank screen again. From here in everything goes stuporously right. Images through murk. Swirling dust from a Vietnam chopper. Jim Morrison's "This Is The End" on soundtrack. More dust. Cutting back and forth to Martin Sheen's Captain Willard fitfully escorted in hotel. Away from action, from killing; awaiting orders. A CIA hit man. Or he was. His narration sets the scene. Sheen sounds not unlike Philip Marlowe. (In Conrad's book, Willard's character is Marlow.) Intelligent briefing. Harrison Ford among officers as Colonel Lucas, a nod to *Star Wars* pilot, George. They play tapes of Brando as Colonel Kurtz (Conrad's Kurtz, not a further genuflection to Lucas' producer, Gary). "We must kill them," intones Brando. "We must incinerate them." Kurtz is a megalomaniac maverick officer waging genocide in Cambodia with his own Montagnard tribesmen. "Totally beyond the pale of any acceptable human conduct," says G D Spradlin's General, wining and dining far from where the

bullets are whining. What do you call it when an assassin is to assassinate an assassin? They call it terminating the Colonel's command. "With extreme prejudice." Willard has to go to do it. Off he goes with a patrol-boat and four young grunts. Rock 'n' rollers with one foot in the grave. Stones on their trannies, stoned in their hands. No deer-hunting steelmen, these. Kids. Children. A surfing freak, a guy who just wants to learn how to cook, and two blacks aiming to survive. Into the war they go, landing near a newswired crew. "Don't look at the camera! Just go through like you're fighting — it's for television." Coppola plays the television director. What he's really making has never been seen on television, nor the movie screens before. The brute force of modern warfare. Technology versus native cunning. The American Cavalry has swooped horses for choppers. John Wayne for Robert Duvall as Colonel Kilgore (named Kharngae when Hackman was offered the part). He's another surfing nut. No, a plain nut, corrupted by his awesome power. "I love the smell of napalm in the morning. It smells like victory." He calls an air strike on a village. Not to flush out Viet-Cong or to take some strategic position, but because it has the best surfing waves in "Nam. "Charlie don't surf." Reason enough. Attacks with choppers carrying bombs and loudspeakers blasting forth with 'The Valkyrie'. Swooping in low from up in the sun, bellowing Wagner and TNT. Holy cow! What a septic. "Look at that," Kilgore says to surfer Sam Bottoms as their helicopter swings among the mayhem and destruction below. "Yeah," says the kid, shaken to the marrow. "No," snaps Kilgore. "The waves. What do you think of those waves?"

Another boat. Another river. Around a bend to a sudden, inexplicable fairy tale grotto. Twinkling lights. Arc lamps. Searchlights. Sawdust, unsol, razzmatazz. Huge, shining bright rostrum with troops seated all around. Now it's bosoms falling from the sky. Miss May and Miss August leap from a Playboy helicopter to boogie for the boys. *For, not with...* When boys stamped, the Playmates are plucked up and choppered to safety. To the brass? Wild! Tops the surfside battle. Huge applause. Some audience on its feet. Further up the river. Deeper into 'Heart of Darkness', darker side of your moon, your soul. Sheen stops a passing sampan to check it out. A sudden movement and he mows down a woman in the boat. His grunts join in and wipe out the rest. My God, *Yoo-Lai!* Now the surfer, once cheerfully water-skiing behind the boat, is on acid. With make-up by Bowie. On they go, as Sheen says, into the arsehole of the world. Stop at Do-Lung Bridge in mid-battle. One of the blacks buys it. "Who's the Commanding Officer here?" Sheen asks, and a passing GI replies, "Ain't you?"

Time check: ninety minutes. No sign of Brando apart from photos in Sheen's file — uniformed portraits from *Reflections* — *A Golden Eye*, which Coppola scripted before Huston started it in 1957, — which was when Milos started writing *Apocalypse*. Releasless on. Pure Conrad country now.

"Going up that river," he wrote — and he did it for real up the Congo in 1890 before writing the book. "was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were king. An empty stream, a great silence an impenetrable forest. . . It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention." The other black is making a tape home for mother when he's killed. And notes with surprise, "A spear!" Arrows follow. They've arrived at Kurtz's primeval kingdom. Met by Dennis Hopper hopping around as nervy photo-journalist, jabbering non-stop about Kurtz. "An enlargement of mind . . . a warrior in the classic sense." Who scalps, beholds his foe and leaves their parts strewn around his encampment. . . Grisly. Prime evil.

Time-check: 114 minutes in as the bald, Buddha-like bulk of Brando is seen. Glimpsed. Heard. "A voice," Conrad described his Kurtz. "He was very little more than a voice . . . grave, profound, vibrating, while the man did not seem



Marlon Brando as Kurtz

capable of a whisper." Exactly Brando, "I was expecting someone like you," he — it — says. "What did you expect?" What Sheen gets is a caged, tied and bound. Then freed, rested, Brando wakes him. Drops the chef's head in his lap. More emissions from this barely visible Brando, shot by Storaro again. Ultra low-key. Shadowy. Vocal menace. About men, "who can use the primordial will to kill with passion, with judgement." The high of two hours drops here. Like a bomb. Brando doesn't dominate. He infiltrates. Sick. Worrisome. Evil. Loathesome. Despairing. Dying. Dead. Brando's not even necessary. Is he expected to please distributors? By the time Willard meets Kurtz, he is Kurtz. Can he kill himself? Can he succeed himself?

The end, when it comes, is devastating in both its oblique simplicity and symbolic metaphysics. Annoying, too. Is this all? Is all this magnificence of scope, of vision, of sheer orchestration merely to tell us again what we all (should) know? War is hell. Killing is vile. One wishes, at first glance, for another majestic flourish. So the end is a let-down. But my word, it grows on you. A cancerous conclusion for Coppola and everyone else to talk about into the wee small hours of any morn.



Dennis Hopper, Martin Sheen and tribesmen

Once more, it's pure, undiluted Conrad. One needs to read, or re-read — and in any case, re-read — the 1910 novella to put everything into perspective. "Did he live his life again during that supreme moment of complete knowledge? He cried in a whisper at some image, at some vision — he cried out twice, a cry that was no more than a breath: 'The horror! The horror!'" And so, the climax is right. Not only to Conrad (who tacked on a less substantial chapter and lie), but to Coppola, who threw his script away and picked up the book on location. For all the controversy around it, this is the ending he wants. He showed this work-in-progress at Cannes, and he showed it in competition ("I don't know what 'out of competition' means, I'm always in competition with other films") and he asked audiences to consider it a finished film for the purposes of how we felt about it.

Well, I felt jubilant. This is a stupendous, surrealistic, symbolic, ritualistic, metaphysical, operatic, balletic, grotesque one in a (thirty) million achievement. Pauline Kael once called Francis Coppola the inheritor of the tradition of the novel, theatre, and especially of opera and music. Never more so than here. The film has been attacked for all the wrong reasons — good headlines. All that is forgotten watching it unfold before ever-widening eyes. This is "2001 Goes To War", and much else besides. Cimino and company simply sink rapidly in the west.

"After a year of comic books," comments Coppola, "The Deer Hunter was a film that dealt with a serious subject matter, had good performances, that could do something serious but was politically naive. It was an attempt, so I felt it was something good. I never saw *Go Tell The Spartans*, but I heard it was a very good film. My film is in a different world. My film is not a movie. My film is not about Vietnam it is Vietnam. It's what it was really like. It is crazy! And the way we made it is very much like the way we Americans were in Vietnam. We were in the jungle; there were too many

of us; we had access to too much money, too much equipment. And, little by little, we went insane. You can see it in the film as it goes up the river — you can see the photographer going a little crazy, you can see the director going a little crazy, you can see the actors going a little crazy."

And crazy he's been labelled in Hollywood, New York — even Cannes — for having the gall (as opposed to the courage) to show an incomplete film. After works-in-progress, asked one testy Cannes exhibitor, what's next — trailers? Critics forget so much. That he dropped the fictitious 'Ford' from his name two years ago, or that he always works in this fashion. This Mussolini is never dictatorial about his work. He's forever inviting people — from in and outside his coterie — to help complete his films. "For me, an artist must have the opportunity to show audiences his films as close as possible to the way he intends it, and judge how it affects them."

He claims to be a theatre-director still, needing out-of-town try-outs. This sounds pretentious at first, and it's no great part of his legend that he did begin on stage as a teenager. While majoring in theatre arts at New York's Hofstra University, 1956-60, he directed pieces by Tennessee Williams, Eugene O'Neill and his own musical, 'Inertia.' Straight after *The Godfather* (1972), he tackled 'Private Lives' and the opera, 'The Visit.' He has his own theatre in San Francisco, recently re-named in honour of John Cazale (star of both *Godfathers* and *The Conversation*, who died after completing *The Deer Hunter*). Even Coppola's main entrée to cinema, after UCLA graduation was in that most altered state of writer, supplying fifteen scripts or more (*This Property Is Condemned*, *Is Paris Burning?* among them) at Seven Arts. So he's always been open to change. He tightened up *The Godfather* three weeks before its premiere. He made innumerable changes in *Godfather II* after an unenthusiastic sneak-preview in San Diego, cropping scenes, dropping the intermission — and winning

the reviews of his career a fortnight later. "Never, never again will I work in such chaotic conditions," he said of that experience. "If I had three more months, I'd have had a great film."

This time, he took as much time as he wanted, right up to the American opening and probably beyond. Mixing the synthesized music, including a sixty-five-piece chorus; dabbling with Walter March on the infant quintaphonic sound (three sound sources up-front, two behind, "discreetly"); and experimenting with the narration, written by Michael Herr, author of the definitive war-correspondent's book on Vietnam, 'Dispatches.' Herr's words were right — "I wanted the language of someone who'd been there" — but Sheen's hung-over, groggy, voice-over was perhaps not right. After Cannes, Coppola considered fifteen scene changes, cuts, trims. "There's a possible ending finesse, and one line to go back. Where Brando looks at Willard and says, 'Have you ever considered real freedom — from the opinions of others, even from the opinions of yourself.' I think I'll put that back. Because that's what happened to me. I risked everything financially. I had no boss. Like Kurtz, I could do anything I wanted."

The Ending

He ran into more flak about this than anything else when he screened the film to the Cannes populace — a real Euro-sneak-preview, complete with questionnaires with tiny pencils attached — and at one of the three showings, he tested a different ending on them. By request, in fact. Someone at the press conference asked about it, and he agreed to show it. ("I'm not going. I don't like it.") This news fed the rumour of unmet endings, which had Richard Roud rounding on Coppola in *The Guardian*: "One doesn't have to be a pansy to think that a director ought to know how his films should end." Critics really should quiz directors more often. Coppola knows how his film should end. He showed us how. The Cannes version was his version, his ending, bar a few technical trimmings.

And he said it again to make sure we understood. "This is *Apocalypse Now*. There is no longer version. This is the version I like. I feel this is a difficult movie for audiences. The subject is not pleasant. It's strange. It's difficult. It's brutalising in places. And two hours twenty minutes is enough. And I like this ending."

"This one thing that George Lucas and John Miljus left me with, as wonderful as the project was, was that their script never had an ending, which is a little factor that becomes more important as the trip goes on. So at one point I realised, 'this is your life. You are going up the river, this is your "Heart of Darkness," just give it your best shot.' The mentality that made this film is Kurtz's mentality. The crew working on the film were not following some cohesive idea or some logical script, they were following some madman's. . . And I didn't have the heart to tell them that I didn't know what I was doing. But I didn't have to: they knew. "At any rate, it ultimately got done. There are no other endings, just things people —

Coppalypse Now!

—I would like me to do with it. *Apocalypse Now* starts out as a movie. A guy has a mission. We've all seen that movie. Like he has to go blow a bridge. *The Guns of Navarone* or something. As you get further and further up the river, the story becomes less important — there are no more of those movie scenes. And for me, there couldn't have been.

"It's an experience to see what it's like to be in a helicopter when thirty of them swoop down and annihilate a native village — to find out what it feels like. But I didn't know how to finish it like a movie. In other words, it would have been a very great dissatisfaction for me if in the last ten minutes, Martin Sheen pulls a gun on Kurtz and they have a fight, the army attacks, the bridge is blown up. . . So I kept taking it more and more into some sort of myth. I said: What do I have? I have a murderer who has come to kill a king. And the people know the king must be killed. They need a new king so that the rice can grow and everyone can live. I thought that must be the oldest myth in the world. The scene at the end, which is really just a dialogue, is examining all of that and the horror of war. This, to me, is the honest ending."

Coppola makes the other ending, reluctantly shown under pressure at Cannes, sound simple enough — warm, even. "After Willard kills Kurtz, he comes down the steps, takes the surfboard (by now bombed out of his skull) by the hand and leads him back. . . I wanted this idea that we drove our children mad. Because we did. And we must take them back, we must make them whole again. Willard's crew was made up of guys from different places and the surfboard was the one I wanted to identify with the drugs, the one that took the LSD I chose to have him live because he had gone into a state of such total innocence in my mind."

"But I couldn't. In truth, have Willard go back. I left him standing on the steps. The tribesmen were his people now. They were also innocent, wanting him to be the new king. I wanted to end the film on a moral choice. I wanted to leave it there. Because . . . what would you do?"

"I still have the other ending, and that was the ending. But I don't know for certain that's what Willard would do. And I don't want to lie. There's a line in 'Heart of Darkness,' where Conrad says: 'Above all, I cannot stand the stench of a lie.' (Actually the line is: There is a taint of death, a flavour of mortality in lies'). And Conrad ends 'Heart of Darkness' with a lie. And so, maybe, in the next months, I'll choose to end my film on a lie. But right now, I don't want to. About Vietnam, in America, there were so many lies. We don't need another. The Cannes ending, however, was slightly altered when the film opened in America in August, nine minutes longer. Willard now takes The Surfer by the hand and returns to the river boat — in 70mm. In the 35mm print in America there is yet another

ending, albeit a backdrop for the credits: a massive napalm explosion.

"So, for now, this is the most honest film I know how to make. It's my point of view and I've learned that when you make a film that doesn't do exactly what people expect, they are surprised. But two or three years later, they come to understand. That's the way it's always been. *Apocalypse Now* — and this is not for me to say, but I know what I did — is a piece of art that I tried to make. People will look at it — not just today, but next year, the year after, and the year after that. You will not forget it. I know this from experience. The more people see it, the more they will become interested in it." Pause. "I think they're interested in it now." There is more of Coppola in the finished film than there is of John Milius' script. There is more still of Teodor Josef Konrad Nalecz Korzeniowski, the Polish seaman-turned-impeccable master of English prose, Joseph Conrad (1857-1924). Several of his books have attracted film-makers including two versions each of *Lord Jim* (1926 and 1965) and *Victory* (1930 and 1940). Orson Welles planned to film 'Heart of Darkness' in 1939, but made *Citizen Kane* instead. Like Welles, Coppola considered testing his *Apocalypse* screenplay on a San Francisco radio station as another form of try-out. "If it's a total bore on radio, it'll be a total bore on film."

"Obviously," admits Coppola, "all that is really interesting about the film owes itself to Joseph Conrad. You must realise that the first screenplay was not based on 'Heart of Darkness,' but borrowed the idea of the boat going up river and of some mysterious person at the end of it — that's all. That did not satisfy me. So, when I went out on the set, I didn't bring the script — I brought 'Heart of Darkness.'"

If anyone need be blamed for the finale, it has to be Conrad. His influence simply took over. For example, Dennis Hopper, was hired to play the Green Beret assistant of Colonel Kurtz. "But," explains Coppola, "Dennis Hopper in the Philippines, talking non-stop and doing mad things. I realised I have the Russian in 'Heart of Darkness.' So that day, right there, I shot a scene where he greets Willard off the boat. None of that existed the day before! But I had taken a very dangerous step. It meant I could not use any of the rest of the script. From that point on, we were in the twilight zone."

"As a film-maker, I thought Conrad's metaphor was that the river is the journey of life. The one place the journey can take you is inside yourself. As you go up the river, there are things on your right that you can choose, and things on your left. Those possibilities are contradictions. So I began to realise I was not making a film about Vietnam. I was not making a film about war. I was making a film. . . I don't know how to say this. . . about the precarious position that we are all in, in that we must choose between right and wrong, good and evil, at every moment of our lives." Around this point in the packed press conference, a former Green Beret stood up to be counted and voiced his admiration for the film. Coppola blanched. The ex-soldier understood Willard, he said — a

professional killer with a conscience, who wanted to find out more about Brando at the end. That he liked. Willard killing the girl in the sampan. That he didn't like one little bit. Coppola put him in his place, politely.

"I never saw Willard and Kurtz as two different characters". (Nor did Welles, he was aiming to play both parts in 1939). "I always saw them as different aspects of the same man. And at that point, you're midway through the journey. That gesture was the marking of him turning into a Kurtz. Kurtz's mind was clear but his soul was mad. I don't propose that people should cut off people's heads. But they have, and they do."

"A moral man, as it is used by Brando, is a man who adheres to what we collectively accept as morality in the conventional moral framework, such as it's not good to kill people, it's nice to be nice. My definition of a moral man, as I see myself, is that I am dedicated to what are the three desirable human potentialities: intelligence, creativity and friendliness."

Violence having been averted, it hung around and began to annoy the intelligent, creative and friendly director. "I'm a little confused by the suggestion that the film is violent. I know, personally, people like to see violence in films. I know that, because I made *The Godfather* films and now *Apocalypse*, it must seem that I enjoy this sort of film. I can't defend that. But the truth is, I would really like to make a love story — that's the most violent story of all I tried to make the violence in *Apocalypse Now* honest. It is a truthful film. What you see is nothing compared to what happened."

"The killing of the people in the boat is rather like the killing at My-Lai. That's how it started. And the killing of the sacrificial ox at the end of the film was done by the Iphigene people. We did not do it; we merely photographed it. For them, it's a sacred ritual, like Christmas to us. They are very moral people. They celebrate the killing of the animal before they eat its flesh. I put that in deliberately. I wanted my people, the American people, to be outraged. It's a theory of mine that people are more upset by the death of animals than they are about the death of human beings. When I made *The Godfather*, I had so many complaints about the horse's head. There were thirty or so people killed in the film, but everyone said, 'You killed a living animal in order to get the horse's head?' I said, 'Not I. The horse was killed by the dog-food companies, to feed your little poodles.' " He throws up his hands. "All these questions about violence! The film is about moral ambiguity. It's about hypocrisy. It's about saying one thing and doing another. Kurtz does what he says." So does Francis Coppola. And if you can't make a film about war without showing violence, then you can't make a film about moral ambiguity without an ambiguous ending. ●

**To be continued
next month**

KENNETH THOMPSON Looking Back

Some films of Janet Gaynor

During the later years of the silent film and the earlier ones of the new talkies, Janet Gaynor was one of the brightest jewels in the crown of the old Fox Film Corporation. For senior filmgoers who saw her films when they first appeared, her name, probably, springs to mind in conjunction with that of her off-time co-star Charles Farrell. The two were the first really popular co-starring team, the precedent for such memorable later combinations as William Powell and Myrna Loy, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon and Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. The first of the Gaynor-Farrell pictures — Frank Borzage's *Seventh Heaven* (1927) — remained the popular favourite of them all, although today few cineastes would be likely to dispute that, individually, Janet Gaynor's individual triumph was in F.W. Murnau's masterly and extremely durable *Sunrise* (1927). Of her later films, following the end of her long association with Fox, William Wellman's *A Star Is Born* (1937) immediately springs to mind.

The films illustrated here all date from her Fox period.

1. *Sunrise: A Song of Two Humans* (1927) Her first sound picture and her first musical. As David Thomson aptly expressed it: "She was by now established as an innocent, waif-like girl — a character enhanced by her wholesome beauty and saucer eyes." The still reproduced here is a publicity portrait issued late in 1929 in conjunction with the film, and the publicity department's original (pencilled) caption confidently declared: "This picture is her first attempt at musical comedy and she makes a great success of her new kind of role." One English reviewer markedly dragged with this assessment: "Janet Gaynor has a rather babyish voice, an American accent, and her singing voice is poor" — although he did go on to say that her acting was brilliant. The story was a simple "poor girl falls for rich young society man" affair, but the title song was long in the hit parade of the time.

2. *Christina* (1929) A romance, unusually set in Holland, in which Dutch village settings and a travelling circus were mainstays. Gaynor played a toymaker's daughter who dreams of a handsome young prince arriving on a white horse to carry her away. Charles Morton played opposite her as the circus troupe's herald who immediately arouses the lady's interest because of his white horse.

3. *The Man Who Came Back* (1931) A re-make of a romantic drama previously filmed by Fox in 1924, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell playing the roles originally taken by Dorothy Mackall and George O'Brien. She played a cabaret girl, he the profligate son of a wealthy man. The backgrounds for the characters' vicissitudes ranged from New York and San Francisco to Honolulu and an opium den in

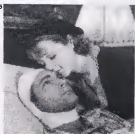
Shanghai (in which surroundings they have both become drug addicts and he even tries to strangle her). Having sunk to degradation, they both eventually rise triumphant for a happy ending. "The world's screen sweethearts together again," proclaimed the company's London office.

4. *Daddy Long Legs* (1931). Another re-make, of course, with Gaynor following in the footsteps of Mary Pickford as the orphanage girl whose charm and spirit remain unbroken by years of drabness and drudgery and who wins the heart of a wealthy bachelor (played by Warner Baxter).

5. *Delicious* (1931). Another of the Gaynor-Farrell films, both players were on well-trodden paths, she portraying a Scottish orphan bound for America, he a young American millionaire with whom she falls in love. To escape various menaces, the heroine has variously to hide in a horse-box to avoid immigration officials and to take refuge with a troupe of Russian musicians

aboard ship — but, of course, obstacles to romance are demolished by the end of the film. In the interim, our some English reviewer had not changed his mind about Miss Gaynor. On this occasion he wrote: "Janet Gaynor gives a charming portrayal... but, with her pronounced American accent, she hardly suggests the Scotch (sic) girl. Doubtless, however, her admirers will overlook this defect."

6. *Servants' Entrance* (1934). The locale here for the studio-bound yet much-travelled Miss Gaynor was Sweden; but so far as her role was concerned the show was this time on the other foot: instead of poor girl in love with rich young man, she was cast as the pampered daughter of a wealthy car manufacturer, falling in love with a lowly chauffeur (played by Lew Ayres). When she finds that her equally affluent fiancé has married a wealthy widow, she hot-foots it back to her chauffeur-lover and persuades her father to finance his invention (!) Wow! They certainly don't connect film scripts like that any more.



JOHN WILLIAMS

Film Books

THE HOLLYWOOD GREATS — by Barry Norman (Hodder & Stoughton/BBC Publications, £7.95). The fluent and popular style of presentation which Barry Norman has made the hallmark of BBC-TV's regular film programme adapted well to "The Hollywood Greats." Though the first series came in for its share of the criticism for being, at times, too acid and personal, it remained a regular draw for the movie fan normally starved of tele-biographies. Series Two, recently screened, included excellent programmes on Monroe and Chaplin; Norman and his team seem to have toned down their probing researches and resulting script to something altogether more likeable. Though many of us are familiar with Norman's writings through the daily press, it is one thing to write a column, quite another to translate into book form a highly visual television series with its peppery sprinkling of interviewees from

Hollywood's past and present. Just listening to John Huston and the wonderful Adela Rogers St Johns was enough of a treat. That he has succeeded in conveying such essences to this new format is a major compliment. This (I suspect, first) distillation covers the programmes on Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, Joan Crawford, Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, Judy Garland and Charles Laughton (the last mentioned being perhaps the saddest subject of them all). My only carp is about the greyness of reproduction of the illustrations which are also fewer in numbers than one would have liked. Mr Norman could justly have hoped for better from his publishers.

FILMGOER'S COMPANION — by Leslie Halliwell (Paladin/Granada, £2.95). The sixth edition of Halliwell's standard work, which we have already reviewed on its appearance in hardback last year, now comes in an 800-plus page paperback format. For those who need a reference work constantly by their side (and I include travellers by air or train as well as insomniacs!) this is the version to opt for as the hardback is somewhat heavy and bulky. Apart from that, the paper edition is so reasonably priced that one could always buy a replacement when the first purchase is worn out by intense usage. In case any reader is left in doubt, there is no difference in the content of the paper and hardback versions.

THE BOOK OF ALIEN — by Paul Scanlon and Michael Gross (Siar, £2.50). This large format limpback film tie-in is one of the best of its kind, and an essential accompaniment to *Alien* itself. It is almost exclusively pictorial with a great deal of

excellent colour. The high lights are, of course, the H R Giger designs and the finished work on the creature itself. These have a remarkable, and truly horrifying quality, while their fantastic art bears comparison with that of the best book artists of this century: Jessie King, Arthur Rackham and others of the *arts nouveau* and *deco* periods. A real collector's item for the science fiction buff, also the follower of film design.

ALIEN — by Alan Dean Foster (Macdonald & Jane's, £4.95; also in paperback). Novelisation of Dan O'Bannon's terrifying screenplay. It should be pointed out that the book is not illustrated.

THE GREAT SPY FILMS — by Leonard Rubenstein (LSP/Citadel, £8.95). Subtitled "A Pictorial History," this is a well documented and excellently illustrated compendium of facts and opinion on some sixty films from Fritz Lang's 1928 *Spyes* through to modern comedies such as *The Tall Blond Man With One Black Shoe*. Of course Hitchcock and James Bond feature strongly en route, but less obvious films such as Alan Pakula's *The Parallax View* and Michael Winner's *Scorpio* also make their appearance. Well balanced and very digestible.

DUTCH CINEMA — by Peter Cowie (Tantivy/Barnes, £5.50). Mr Cowie dives deeply into a modern cinema which has much more to offer than the small output of (largely) sex-oriented films that reach this country from the Netherlands. He reminds us that Dutch filmmakers have much more to offer: top quality animation, documentary and searching social history-features as well as underground experiment.

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CINEMA '80

Edited by David Castell

The fifth in our popular series of annuals covering the contemporary movie scene will be published in mid-November. The full-colour front cover will feature *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, which is also featured pictorially inside, along with other big films of the coming season — among them *Apocalypse Now*, *Escape From Alcatraz*, *Silver Dream Racer*, *The Black Hole* and many, many others. There are also of course, features by our regular team of contributors.

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JOHN STEWART

Outside London

Two-way traffic in television

A character in Bertolucci's film *Before the Revolution* (1964) remarks: "Remember, Fabrizio! One cannot live without Rossellini." Until recently, however, we have had to do just that. Because, apart from an occasional television screening and the couple of titles in distribution, the films of Italian director Roberto Rossellini have not been available in this country. Happily this situation is changing and the British Film Institute, after lengthy negotiations, has acquired distribution rights to sixteen Rossellini films and is currently attempting to acquire a further four. This is good news for students and enthusiasts alike. Rossellini's films were crucial to the theory of "realism" elaborated in the writings of influential French film critic André Bazin and have been influential on a host of younger filmmakers, and now his major contribution to cinema may be more widely appreciated. Television enthusiasts, too, should be pleased for, after being at the centre of two important events in the history of the cinema — Italian Neo-Realism in the 1940s, and, through his films and direct personal encouragement, the French New Wave in the 1950s — Rossellini turned his attention to television to engage with the medium more seriously than practically any other established film-maker.

Several of Rossellini's television films are included in the BFI package the first batch of which, now available for hire from the BFI Distribution Library, comprises two of the films from his neorealist war trilogy *Passé* (1946) and *Germany — Year Zero* (1947), two films starring his wife Ingrid Bergman *Stromboli* (1949) and *Voyage to Italy* (1953) and six historical films made for television *Blaise Pascal* (1972), *Augustine of Hippo* (1972), the three part *Age of Cosmo De Medici* (1973) and *Italy — Year One* (1974). Another six titles should soon be available and negotiations are proceeding for another four which include the missing war trilogy film *Rome — Open City* (1945) and the magnificent film on Garibaldi's campaigns and the unification of Italy *Viva L'Italia* (1960).

An opportunity to see several of these films is provided when the Bristol Arts Centre and Arncliffe Eye to Eye cinemas devote most of the month to a season examining Rossellini in context entitled "Voyage to Italy." The film from which the season takes its name can be seen at the Arncliffe on 2nd-6th where *Passé* shows 16th and 17th, *Augustine of Hippo* 19-21st and *Italy Year One* 16-21st. Meanwhile the Arts Centre shows *The Age of Cosmo De Medici* 14th-16th, *Blaise Pascal* 18th,

German Year Zero 21-25th and *Stromboli* 25th-27th. Writer and lecturer Geoffrey Nowell-Smith will be at the Arncliffe on 18th to give a talk on Rossellini. Other films in the season are Ermanno Olmi's epic of Italian peasant life at the turn of the century leading up to the years of social turmoil chronicled in *Bertolucci's 1900* (1976) — *The Tree of Wooden Clogs* (1978) which plays at the Arncliffe Sept 26th-Oct 2nd. Also at the Arncliffe are Olmi's first feature film *Il Posto* (1961) 23-25th + 28th, Bertolucci's *Spiders' Strangest* (1970) 23-26th and late night shows of *Fellini's Casanova* 12th and Francesco Rosi's *The Mattei Affair* (1972) and *Illustrations Corpuses* (1975) 19th. The Arts Centre shows the Taviani Bros' *Padre Padrone* (1977) 21st-27th and has late night screenings of Rosi's *Lucky Luciano* (1973) 6th, Bertolucci's *1900 Part 1* and 2 13th, *The Conformist* (1969) 18th and 20th and *1900 Part II* 25th and 27th.

The Tree of Wooden Clogs receives several screenings during the month and can be seen at Cinema City Norwich 8-13th, Cambridge Arts Cinema 15-20th, Ipswich Film Theatre 16-21st and Edinburgh Film Theatre 29th-3rd Nov.

Bracknell Arts Centre at Southall Park also runs a season of Italian Cinema this month and shows *Stromboli* and *Il Posto* on 2nd, De Sica's *Umberto D* (1952) and Pasolini's *Pigsty* (1969) 8th and 9th, Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960) 15th and 16th, Azorin's *L'Avventura* (1959) 22nd and 23rd and *Fellini's 8½* (1962) 29th and 30th. Finally on the subject of Italian Cinema Birmingham Arts Lab begins a season of Pasolini's films with *Accattone* (1961) on 10th which is followed by *The Gospel According to St Matthew* (1964) on 24th. Pasolini's last film *Salo* (1975) will be screened at the Arts Lab in November.

Although American director Robert Altman began his film career like Ermanno Olmi making industrial documentaries, unlike Olmi and Rossellini, who moved from making films for theatrical release to making films for television Altman moved out of television production into features. And despite rumours that it's his nine years since one of his films (*M*A*S*H*, 1970) made money, Altman has succeeded in exploiting his reputation as a "great director," deriving largely from his popularity with European critics, to raise funds for a busy production schedule. More recently Altman has used his influence, his experience as producer and his production company Lion's Gate Films, to give dad members an opportunity to direct.

Alan Rudolph, Altman's assistant on *The Long Goodbye* (1973), *California Split* (1974) and *Nashville* (1975) and co-author of *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* (1976), was the first to benefit when he made *Welcome to L.A.* (1977), which he followed with *Remember My Name* (1978). Most recently it has been the turn of former dancer, choreographer and stage director Joan Tewkesbury, who, after working as script girl on Altman's *McCabe and Mrs Miller* (1971) and writing *Thieves Like Us* (1973) and *Nashville* for Altman, has made her directorial debut with *Old Boyfriends*.

Manchester's Aaben Cinema shows *Old Boyfriends* 28th-3rd Nov and it is also shown at the Birmingham Arts Lab 18th-23rd preceded by Altman's *A Wedding* (1978) from 7th-11th and followed by Altman's most recent film set in the future with an international galaxy of stars, *Quintet* (1979) 28th-2nd Nov. *Three Women* can also be seen at Street Film Theatre 2nd-4th, Scunthorpe Film Theatre

4-6th and Southampton Film Theatre 8-10th. *A Wedding* can be seen at the Oxford Phoenix 14-20th and *Quintet* shows with *Nashville* at Poole Arts Centre 4-9th.

Rudolph's *Welcome to L.A.* shows at Mold Film Theatre 7-9th and Nottingham Film Theatre 19-21st, while his *Remember My Name* can be seen at Southampton Film Theatre 2-4th, Scunthorpe Film Theatre 11-13th and Canterbury Film Theatre on 30th. The original script for *Old Boyfriends* was written by Paul Schrader with his brother Leonard and Schrader's own directorial debut, *Blue Collar* (1978), is shown in several places during the month. From 27th Sept to 3rd Oct *Blue Collar* can be seen with Hitchcock's *Family Plot* (1976) at Poole Arts Centre and also at the Oxford Phoenix 30th Sept — 6th Oct, Stoke Film Theatre 4-6th, Ipswich Film Theatre with Milos Forman's *Taking Off* (1971) 23rd-27th and in a "car" double bill, one about making them, the other about washing them, with *Car Wash* (1976) at Tyneside Cinema for six days from 29th.

Paul Schrader is associated with the new generation of Hollywood directors who now occupy a powerful position in the American film industry. Schrader has written scripts for two of the big six of these so called "Movie Brats." *Taxi Driver* (1976) for Martin Scorsese and *Obsession* (1976) for Brian De Palma.

Several seasons devoted to these and the other four directors Spielberg, Coppola, Milos and Lucas take place during the month. Edinburgh Film Theatre begin the month with a double bill of Spielberg's two chase movies *Duel* (1971) and *Sugarland Express* (1974) 1st-3rd. This is followed by De Palma's gory telekinetic thriller *The Fury* (1978) 4-6th, George Lucas' *THX 1138* (1971) and Francis Coppola's *The Rain People* (1969) 8-10th and finally Scorsese's *Mean Streets* (1973) 11-13th. Film Theatre, Cardiff, devote late night "Movie Brats" season with Brian De Palma's *Carrie* (1976) 3rd-6th, *Mean Streets* 10-13th, *New York, New York* (1977) 17-20th and John Carpenter's *Halloween* (1978) 29th for six days. Lancaster Film Theatre and the Sherman Film Theatre, Cardiff devote late night screenings during the month to movie brats seasons — with Lancaster showing *Mean Streets* 5th, Coppola's *The Conversation* (1974) on 12th, *THX 1138* on 19th and *New York, New York* on 26th, while the Sherman shows *Carrie* on 5th, *Duel* on 12th, De Palma's *Blood Sisters* (1973) on 19th and John Milias' *Dillinger* (1973) on 20th. Warwick Arts Centre shows *Carrie* on 16th, *The Fury* on 17th and *The Conversation* on 30th and has late night screenings of *Blood Sisters* on 5th, *Obsession* on 12th and Carpenter's *Assault on Precinct 13* (1976) on 19th.

Cardiff's Chapter Cinema has programmed a number of films to provide a context for its screening of German playwright Peter Handke's directorial debut *The Left-Handed Woman* (1977) from 14th to 20th. Included in the programme are two Wim Wenders' films from Handke scripts *The Goodkeeper's Fear of the Penalty* (1971) on 11th and *Wrong Movement* (1974) on 12th; Wim Wenders' regular cameraman Robby Müller also shot the stunningly photographed *The Left-Handed Woman*. The programme also includes two films by the Japanese director Yasujiro Ozu much admired by Handke, *An Autumn Afternoon* (1962) 13th and 14th and *Early Spring* (1956) 27th and 28th, as well as Jean-Luc Godard's *Une Femme Mariée* (1964) on 25th.



DICK VOSBURGH

The Last Word

THE LIFE STORIES of Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin are told in a book called "The Two of Us," and this just isn't fair; it really should be called "The Three of Us." It's "as-told-to" writer, Dick Kleiner, deserves equal attention for the fascinating surreal quality he's brought to the book, presumably, by never checking a single fact.

He lets Tony Martin inform us: "Back in 1940, before the war, I was in *The Big Store*, which turned out to be the last of the Marx Brothers movies with the four brothers. Zeppo left then, to try his hand at production." (As the last of the Marx Brothers movies with the four brothers was *Duck Soup* in 1933, Tony was only seven years and seven movies out. Also, Zeppo didn't leave to go into production; he became an agent.)

Kleiner allows Cyd to tell us: "I was also in Marilyn Monroe's last film, *Let's Make Love*." (She's confusing her Kukors; the film she means is of course the ill-fated *Something's Got to Give*.)

Martin states that he and Rita Hayworth made "a picture together back in '38, a little nothing called *Music in My Heart*. That was the first picture in which she'd used her name; before then, she's (*sic*) been Rita Cansino." (Actually, *Music in My Heart* was Rita's fifteenth film as Hayworth, but never mind, — you were warm.)

Elsewhere in this incomparable book, Martin boasts: "I had a beautiful relationship with Jerome Kern, dating from the time I appeared in his life story, *Music in My Heart* at MGM in 1939." (As *Music in My Heart* was the story of a handsome singer who, on the night he's due to be deported from the United States as an alien, meets a beautiful girl who hides him from the immigration authorities with the help of her uncle Luigi, who warns to the singer after he uses his golden voice to lure the uncle's pet monkey down from a tall pole, you can guess it couldn't have been Kern's life story, even allowing for the liberties Hollywood usually takes in its biographies. And *Music in My Heart* wasn't made by MGM in 1939 or 1938, but by Columbia in 1940.)

However, Tony *did* appear in a life story of Kern, but it was in 1946 and called *Till the Clouds Roll By*, yet even if Martin had boasted, "I had a beautiful relationship with Jerome Kern, dating from the time I appeared in his life story, *Till the Clouds Roll By* at MGM in 1946," it would have been a curious boast — not to mention a beautifully short relationship — as Kern died while the film was still in production.

Now here's Cyd remembering: "I had a small part in a film early in my career, a thing called *Till the Clouds Roll By* and I found out that I was supposed to be the girl Perry Como sang to when he did his big number, 'Blue Room'." (As "Blue Room" was by Rodgers and Hart, it's clear the film Cyd is thinking of is not Kern's *Till the Clouds Roll By* — in which she also appeared — but *Words and Music*. Ah, but a few pages later she tells us: "I did *Words and*

Music, the story of Sigmund Romberg's life." (Romberg's life story was called *Deep in My Heart*. A pity Cyd didn't say *Music in My Heart* — we'd have gone round again.) Finally, Kleiner lets Tony tell us that, in the movie *Two Tickets to Broadway*, he sang a song called "Big Chief Hole-in-the-Head." (The correct title is "Big Chief Hole-in-the-Ground.") Big Chief Hole-in-the-Head is another guy entirely. In fact, he's Dick Kleiner, and he writes with forked pen.)

LONG, LONG AGO, in the July issue, I posed eight quiz questions. The only reader who has so far correctly answered them is Keith Taylor of Colchester, Essex. The answers:

1. The odd actor out was William Ching, Richard Loo and Benson Fong being orientals. Ching was Katharine Hepburn's very Occidental fiancé in *Pat and Mike*.
2. Emyln Williams didn't write *How Green was My Valley*, Richard Llewellyn did.
3. Donald Sutherland was Hawkeye in *M*A*S*H*.
4. Lucille Ball, Vera-Ellen, Lillian Roth and Maureen O'Sullivan were all Marx brothers heroines.
5. *A Miracle Can Happen* and *On Our Merry Way* were different titles for the same film.
6. The Harold Arlen-Johnny Mercer song which (according to Michael Freedland) Jerome Kern felt should have received the Oscar wasn't "That Old Black Magic," but "Blues in the Night."
7. The song "A Fine Romance" which (according to Michael Freedland) was "sung as a duet by Fred and Ginger on two sides of a bathroom wall with Ginger sitting in the tub, her hair covered in shampoo bubbles," was actually sung in the snow. Freedland is confusing the number with "The Way You Look Tonight" in the same film, but doesn't even describe that accurately; it was sung as a solo by Fred while, in the bathroom, Ginger, her hair covered in shampoo bubbles, stands at the wash basin, later at the door, and later still, behind Fred at the piano.
8. Those four actors were all playing re-named characters: In *Jamaica Inn*, Laughton was Sir Humphrey Pengallon, while in the book the character was called Joss Merlyn. Mae West was Diamond Lil in the play of that name but Lady Lou is the film version, *She Done Him Wrong*. Newman was Harper in *The Moving Target* but the character is Archer in the books. Ona Munson played Mother Gin Sling in the film of *The Shanghai Gesture* but the character was called Mother Goddam in the play.

I ASKED READERS for some title songs that never made it to the screen. From Don Minifie of Whitstable, Kent, came the stirring:

Bring me the head of Alfredo Garcia,
He's already stolen my heart.
Show me a Mexican bandit who's classier,
He was my own from the start

H C Brown of Woking, Surrey, contributed:

Oh, won't you please be nice just once?
You're making life so hard
That I compare
Our love affair

To the Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under The Direction of the Marquis de Sade.

And Brian Davis of Barnes, London, came up with this beautiful ballad:

We're so happy and gay
Drinking gin in Bombay
In a world without Heslys or Thatchers
That we'll simply ignore
As we did once before
The invasion of the body snatchers.

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SMALL COLLECTION for sale of stills, posters, magazines, press books etc. Reasonable prices. Material on Redford, Bronson, Elvis, Plummer etc. SAE for lists: P Gascoyne, 18 Gunter Road, Wetherby, West Yorks LS22 4JZ.

MOVIE BUFFS wanted. I would like to have pen-pals worldwide. I'm 17 and a keen film buff. Write to Kim Chafford, 21 Lagoda Drive, Gwelap 6021, Perth, Western Australia.

ANTHONY VALENTINE — anything wanted including Coda, Raffles and Escape to Athena. SAE: Mrs C Schubert, 87 Page Road, Sealford Middlesex TW14 8DU.

MALCOLM ARNOLD: soundtrack for trade (used but) or sale — £20, plus included. GRT-1008 score, unplayed. Mr J Panton, Asco 194, S-116 32 Stockholm, Sweden.

CARDS, MAGAZINES and annuals of the following for sale: Mork and Mindy, Superman, Chips, Star Wars, Batsman/Galactic, 20p for lots of comic cards. SAE ID: W Hogg, 22 Regency Road, London N4 1AD.

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JOHN WAYNE, Rock Hudson and James Garner material wanted, plus stills, press books, transparencies and posters etc. Will trade or buy. Phil Parker, 23 Plover Road, Milborne Port, Dorset.

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WOULD LIKE TO EXCHANGE film material including press stills, FOH sets and press books on French films and stars; also interested in French cinema magazines. Manfred Heint, Muggenbor 37, D-5790 Brilon 1, West Germany.

TWO ORIGINAL SCRIPTS used on the 1964 Danger Man TV series available. Offered in exchange for original script or stills on The Saint or other similar shows. R. W. Sharnan, 35 Herlett Road, Chorlton, Manchester M21 1WB.

CARDS WANTED: cigarette, bubblegum and tea cards — anything in card form on films, film stars, cartoon characters etc. J Edmond, 4 Gaville Drive, Chapel Park, Westerhope, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne NE5 1SH.

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WANTED: any material at all on Catherine Deneuve, M Nichols, Lindsay Court, Lindsay near Gillingham, Kent ME17 3NL.

FOR SALE: US brochures of Star Wars, Body Snatchers, Close Encounters, Superman, Lord of the Rings and Buck Rogers — all at £1 each. F Hill, 133 Ringmer Road, Brighton, Sussex BN1 9JA.

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INFORMATION, pictures, reviews and articles wanted on The Deer Hunter, and/or Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep. Your prices paid. Linda Laywell, Kembo Fields, Foxley Road, Malmsbury, Wiltshire.

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Supermarket

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FILMS ILLUSTRATED for sale: issues 1-94 complete set in mint condition for £50. Mr Home, 11 Quenack Road, Quodingley, Gloucester. (Tel 721594).

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ROGER MOORE material wanted — settings, press books, foreign mags, stills etc. Miss B Baxter, 24 Milton Road East, Edinburgh.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD (Page 59):
Across: 1 Richard Gere, 2 Beyond Glory, 3 Rooney, 9 Shawna, 12 Frank Buck, 15 Bredie, 16 John Tender Years, 18 Le Feu Follet, 19 The Big Trees.
Down: 1 Roberto, 2 Cry Wolf, 3 Anne Hall, 4 Dept 5, 10 Houseboat, 11 Say, 13 Kid Blue, 15, 14 Rock Preter, 17 Mum, 18 Loe.

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